



TO MY MOTHER.

[*Jemima (Randell) Corfield*]
Obit 1882

DĀK DIĒTĀ

A SELECTION FROM
VERSES WRITTEN IN CALCUTTA
(1907—1910)

BY

WILMOT CORFIELD, F.R.P.S.L., F.N.B.A., A.S.A.A

Member of the Royal Society of Arts

First Honorary Treasurer of the Calcutta Historical Society

*Vice-President of the Philatelic Society of India ; and of the Fiscal
Philatelic Society (London)*

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PREFACE.

UNLESS memory is at fault my earliest literary contribution was to '*King Edward's School Chronicle*,' Birmingham, in the mid seventies. The youthful sub-editor informed me in the five-court that it had been rejected, and thus encouraged I tried again.

I have lived and written in Birmingham, London and Calcutta. My writings, when resident in the two former places, are not at present available. I once had them collated and annotated, but the wise white-ants got hold of them, and they have yet to be dug out afresh from published archives of the two premier cities of Great Britain. I wrote frequently for both the Birmingham and London press before coming to India in 1886 and in 1893, and have edited '*Ye Manual*,' '*Birmingham Faces and Places*,' the '*Birmingham Town Crier*,' '*The Philatelic World*' (Calcutta), and the '*Philatelic Journal of India*,' and have in addition compiled '*Calcutta Faces and Places in Pre-camera Days*,' temporarily edited '*Bengal Past and Present*,' both for the Calcutta Historical Society and (in collaboration with the late Mr. C. S. F. Crofton, I.C.S.) written '*The Adhesive Fiscal and Telegraph Stamps of British India*' for the Philatelic Society of India. The '*Town Crier*,' a monthly (afterwards a weekly), began in 1861 and lasted until well into the present century. Its political influence in the Midland Metropolis was very considerable, and its cartoons, by my friend George Bernasconi, were long a feature of Birmingham social and political life. Auditor by profession and editor in "off" hours, my blue pencil has flourished in a double capacity and to some purpose over a busy series of years.

This book comprises a selection from verses written in Calcutta (some of them taken from my weekly Review of Books in the *Englishman*) above my nom-de-plume "Dâk." A second (completing) selection may follow containing, with much else, verses contributed to the Philatelic press of London and Calcutta, as may also another with miscellaneous political and social verses written in Birmingham and London. Those now reprinted are, for want of a better plan of arrangement, given in the order of their original appearance.

I have to add my thanks to the editors of the newspapers and publications for kindly according permission for republication.

W. C.

CALCUTTA,
19th November 1910.

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JOHN WOODBURN.

Calcutta, 22nd March 1907.

BID the traffic pause a little, here beside the central square
With the flapping banners flinging silken splendour on the air ;
Let the cannon from the rampart speed the tale to town and tide
How a ruler from the Northland greatly lived and bravely died.
Lift aloft his sculptured semblance by the city's stateliest street
With the waters of the " red tank " lapping lazy at his feet

Well we mind that autumn morning when the sombre tidings sped
To the corners of an empire, telling of the gallant dead,
Then we knew the people's pity marked by many a goodly tear,
Watched the drawn procession wending 'neath the arch from

Belvedere,—

All the tale of high endeavour, all the care for India's fame
Quenched in bitter pain at ending—splendid—when the darkness
came.

Lift aloft so all may see him, latest of the hero band,
Pedestalled throughout the borders of an unforgetting land.
Holwell's pillar, Charnock's pavement, re-illuminate the spacious days
When the Nawab's shield was shattered at the parting of the ways,
And the East and West engrappled, dark with dawn and guile with
might,

Saw Olive's reddened blade go leaping to the front of Plassey's fight.

Hastings, slim and slight of stature, wondrous brow and eye of flame,
Weaver of an empire's fabric, welder of an empire's frame ;
Outram, fearless and resistless, keen to smite though kingdoms reel ,
Mayo, passing, still the helmsman, stricken by fanatic steel ;
Canning, calm amid the furious shrieking of a random town—
Steadfast to the call of duty when the world was falling down.

* The Statue of Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, was unveiled by H. E. the Viceroy in Dalhousie Square, Calcutta, on this date.

Marble Heber, kneeling, saintly, where the sunbeam shrines the fane,
 Singer sweet in deathless numbers heralding the Christian's gain ;
 Napier who on Afric *plateau* lustre won for India's star ,
 Roberts, who beyond the passes forced the Flag to Kandahar ;
 Dufferin, lord of ancient Ava, velvet-gloved in court and fray
 Who, iron-handed, wrung from horror green and golden Mandalay
 Lawrence, saviour of a province , Peel and Hardinge of renown—
 And that maid who roused from slumber shrinking wept to wear a
 crown—

She the stalwart tender worker in an age of strenuous zeal,
 Guardian of her England's honour, wardress of her Empire's weal ;
 And (to come) grim Lhassa's leaguer, clarion-voiced of pregnant pen,
 King-like Curzon, bold, upstanding, —Man where England's race
 are Men.

Furl the flag and sheathe the sabre ; India honours England's sway—
 Hear the belching bastion thunder forth the deference we pay.
 Leave we man and horse uplifted high for all the world to see—
 Silent watchers down the vista of the days that are to be,
 Fought the fight and crowned the victor—join the people's loud
 " well done !"

By the terraced waters flushing scarlet to the western sun.

The Empire, 23rd March 1907.

" GREAT POSSIBILITIES."

*An official announcement hinted at the foreshadowed " Reforms " as being possessed
 of " great possibilities. "*

THEY say *shamgoodries* and *chipkillies* keep
 The courts by C-rz-n planned to plaudits deep—
 And C-rz-n, that great hustler (gone alas !),
 Writes to the " Times " but cannot break our sleep.
 Alas for those who for to-day prepared,
 And those who for a great to-morrow stared,
 A M-nt- from his Throne of Silence cries
 " Your Marble Hall* is neither Here nor There ! "

* The Victoria Memorial Hall, Calcutta.

And those who husbanded the goodly gain
As those who fling it to the winds like rain,—
Alike are silent, nor with shame a-burn,
Nor heed the thought—'twill ne'er come back again.

Go gaze awhile within yon civic door
Where All-n strives to curb th' unseemly floor,
And B-nn-rj- and wordy P-l-t vie
In one unflinching wail of "More, more, more !"

We are none other than a pulseless row
Of listless shadow shapes to come and go,
Round with the clattering, clogged arrangement whirled
By M-rl-y, Master of the cryptic Show.

Yesterday this day's Folly did prepare
The plot for our undoing with deft care,—
Till London from the lurid darkness cry
"The East for us is neither Here nor There."

Would but some winged spirit ere too late
Arrest the still unfolding Roll of Fate
And bid us scan the Register aright
And learn the meaning of Capitulate

With pushful haste we give, and turn to snore,
The more we give the cry goes up for more.
Not one will thank us of the claimant band
And when we wake 'twill be beyond the Door.

Some say the East is stirring ; that her feet
Are set the rising of the Dawn to greet,
A thousand years have seen her less than wise,
A thousand years and she may rise complete.

A thousand years and she may rise and shake
Her self-wrought fetters to the winds awake—
Go bridge the Ford and guard the Pass aright
And Rule in sceptred strength for India's sake.

Wake, England, wake and scatter into flight
Th' opposing menace from the front of Night—
Stand firm for Ruled and Rulers still, and flood
Misguided India with a shaft of Light

Some for the sake of glorious ease and some
Sigh for the rest in Albion yet to come—

Hold fast the Real and let the Shadow go—
For, hark, the rumble of an instant Drum !

The Empire, 17th May 1907.

CLIVE AND ENGLAND ! CLIVE AND EMPIRE !

(*Plassey, 23rd June 1757.*)

"Great minds think alike. There must, we imagine, have been some telepathic communication between Mr. Corfield and Lord Curzon on the subject of a statue to Clive, for it was only last Friday that Wilmot advocated in the *Empire* what George put forward in the *Times* of yesterday."

The Empire, 9th April 1907.

"In a letter to the '*Times*' Lord Curzon advocates the erection of a personal memorial to Clive either in London or Calcutta—if not in the Victoria Memorial Hall, then on the Maidan.

"The near approach of the 23rd June, the 150th anniversary of the battle of Plassey, has prompted the suggestion of this tardy commemoration of Clive's greatest exploit, while in India. The sole reminder of the great Captain is a portrait in the Council Chamber of Government House (though the principal business street of the city has been named after him) and it was to remedy the national neglect that his lordship undertook the commemoration of the site of the battle by a suitable pillar with inscriptions"—*The Empire.*

THE sullen sky burns brazen and the mordant dust lies brown
Where the brooding vulture lingers by the fortress in the town.
The rampart waits unguarded and the shot-rent bastion lies
Steel-bosomed to the fury of the unrelenting skies ;—
For the world is spent and weary for the days that are to be
By the shattered fort of England, where the Hughli seeks the sea.
The fort a-skirt the Hughli saw the riven world a-flame
When the Nawab of the Moghul with his Moorman rabble came.
The day was all a horror and the night was all a hell
Till the stricken Flag of England to the foes of England fell—
As the flying ships sped seaward with the worn and recreant Drake,
And the curse of broken fighters pounding hot upon their wake.

What need to tell the story? What need to place the blame—
When the fame of England's manhood has outlasted England's
shame?

Stream Holwell's name for ever on the world's white Hero scroll,
Till the Moghul rule at Delhi, and the river fail to roll,—
And think on that fell Chamber with its tale of dreadful slain,
The cradle of an Empire, where the Hughli makes the main.

White sails are bellying bravely on the waters far away,
For the welcome winds are with them where they beat up from the
Bay ;

And the murmur of the moving in the cordage as they glide
Is as sweet a strain as ever met the music of the tide.
They are near the "James and Mary,"—they are well across the
bar,—

They are coming, Clive is coming, with the rise of India's star.

They are here, the town is stirring with the run of hasty feet
Of eager folk aheading for each river wending street,—
And the palms are swaying gaily to the note of temple bells,
And the drone of happy drummers and the shriek of twisted
shells,—

Fling marigold and lotus to the tide with lavish hand—
While the dome of scarlet Kali flames a welcome from the land.

Oh, the fort that fronts the Hughli is with gallant cheers a-ring,
For the leaguer of far Arcot and the leaguer's gallant King,—
See him press the crimsoned stairway of the wasted watergate,
And mount the great embrasure, where the Council-Writers wait.
Now the Moorman's rule is broken, and the day of doubt is done,
Now the flaunting Flag of England meets the kiss of India's sun.

What need to tell the story? What need to spread the fame
Of the vexer of the Frenchman, who avenged the city's shame?
Bid the bending mother tell it as she croons her babe to sleep—
Bid the fisher chant it nightly where he goads the star-lit deep—
Bid the war-worn land proclaim it swerved from darkness into light,
When Clive's red blade went leaping to the front of Plassey's fight.

There's a wealth of purple wonder in the city fair and wide,
Where the keels of all the nations plough the unresisting tide,—
All the Kings of earth are wooers and the sovereign peoples wait
Full eager for the favour of her golden water-gate ;—
She is Asia, silken Asia, where she heads the shining Bay,
Since the reddened reeds of Plassey bent to England's charge that day.

And all a-down the ages as her waters take the breeze
Deep-freighted with the cargoes of the users on the seas—
While her marts o'erlap their borders and her mighty cities thrive,
Will the heart of India kindle at the valiant name of Clive,—
For the carver of an Empire wrung from havoc, pain and pride,
When the West and East together wrought in wonder side by side.

Lift aloft his sculptured presence where the kindly maidan greets
With a silken southern fervour all the dwellers of the streets,—
Lift aloft his sculptured presence where the park is shewing gay
With the lilac-laden glory of our London town to-day,—
Where Chowringhee, green and golden, river-girdled, eats the breeze—
Where the terraced palace-banners gleam across the London trees.

Heed not faction's shrill disfavour fed by slander's pigmy pen—
Mouthing mood of mad misguidance—phrasing froth of meagre
men.

Think on those who ploughed the furrow when the dawn was grim
and grey—

Look around and lo ! the harvest glads the glowing world to-day,—
Hear a voice we know acclaiming Clive's great name across the sea—
Clive and England ! Clive and Empire ! * *What will India's answer
be ?*

The Empire, 22nd June 1907.

* Statues of Lord Clive intended for Westminster and Calcutta are now in an advanced stage of preparation.

ELVES.

"*Fairy*," "an imaginary being having a human form though of a stature much below human."—*Dictionary*.

"*Mr. Pickwick was a fairy, and so was old Mr. Weller.*"
Charles Dickens, by G K CHESTERTON.

FULL thrice twelve moons have waxed and paled and sped
Since England wept—a mighty-hearted mourner—

And laid to sleep her loved and latest dead

In our grey Abbey's sun-encircled corner :
And still the ills he fought we strive to castigate,
But, still, we're told of things we can't quite masticate.

We love our Chesterton ; his nimble wit

Is clean and crisp, and clear of all acerbity—
Yet is it well to score a critic's hit

By trifling with our notions of absurdity ?
Left elfin Pickwick caper with avidity—
But leave us Weller free from such stupidity.

We'll try to picture Pickwick on the prance,

A-skip like Phyllis, or a-smile like Zena ;
Or, like the ladies that we see in France,

A pert, though portly, gliding ballerina—
"In a Pickwickian sense," a-pirouetting :—
But Tony tripping it is *too* upsetting.

Just think on Tony swinging half the night,

Head downwards from a dew-wrought cobweb's tangle,
Or diving from a cowslip-crested height

Into some mossy dell where blue-bells jangle,
Or tossing milk white arms above his cranium,
Or laving milk white feet in some geranium !

That gracious girth, that wealth of ample vest,
Who *could* connect them with a gait fantastic ?
That tale of noble inches round the chest
Prepostulates behaviour inelastic.
Ah, no ! Our Weller's regular royal rotundity
Forbids a joke lead-laden with profundity.

The Dickensian, October, 1907.

(The organ of the Dickens Fellowship, London.)

GOING.

WHAT, going ? Well we won't say *au revoir*—
Preposterous spouter of the silly season—
We've never known a sahib like you before
Turn on so tall a tap of tinsel treason.
Each dog, they say, must have his little day
And you've had yours, a rare old, fair old treato :
You've buzzed about a bit, the papers say,
A blend of organ-monkey and mosquito
You called at Simla one fine afternoon,
(We wonder if Lord Minto was enraptured)
And Sambourne's put you in a "Punch" cartoon.—
Good gracious me ! What lots of luck you've captured !
You've donned the *dhotie* of the baboo *log*,
Expectorated *pan* and hokey pokey,
And added *éclat* to the passing vogue
For "doing time" locked up awhile in chokes.
For it was you in your M. P.erial way
Who roused the closed Bephin, willy nilly,
Just to remark "a halo's cheap to-day—
My martyred pal, and what's the price of skilly ?"
You've seen the Kutub when the slanting light
Illumed the topmost precept of its pinnacle ;
You've heard the Taj beneath soft moonbeams bright
Call "Love is best—forbear forebodings cynical !"

You've seen the cattle and the humped-up wain
Go plodding homeward with a seemly will—
You've watched the reaper pile the garnered grain,
The laughing women grinding at the mill

And over all the sky-ward Flag flung wide—
Common to Durham and to Dhurrumtollah ,
But, nose-led, by some sleek *be-chesma'd* guide
You've then, at sight of it, commenced to holler.

Where the great city of amorphous aim
Its sad sore crown of self-wrought sorrow wears,
You clutched the chance to foul Britannia's fame
And fed the venomed fury of the Squares.

You sought the parts that verge on far Assam
And talked about our Russian ways of ruling,
And, to a chorussed "*Bande Mataram*,"
Indulged in antic anti-British fooling.

And so it happed of English votes the choice,
A sworn custodian of our Island's honour,
You joined the pack whose joy is to rejoice
At England slandered, and to spit upon her.

And yet 'tis well we let you land, perhaps,—
Your pranks, when on the prance, 'tis no use blinking,—
You're one of those persistent sort of chaps
That must, and will, set big John Bull a-thinking.

You've taught him the "*Swadeshi*" point of view,
As senator you've been and bagged the biscuit,
And Bull, soliloquising, mutters—" *Phew !*
Why what a fool I was to go and risk it."

And so, for once, 'tis good from evil springs,
England, enraged at your inane abuses,
Back to the night your windy party flings,—
And e'en mosquitoes have their little uses.

Going at last.—We won't say *au revoir*,—
Don't linger longer.—As it is you're tardy.—
New Zealand won't stand nonsense.—There's the door,—
Ta-ta Keir Hardie !

The Journal, 10th November 1907.

THE SONG OF THE ELEPHANTS.*

Those who have never heard the Elephants sing, as they swing along on a crisp clear wintry morning, can never know quite what it is that they are telling you ; there is a lilt with their long drawn out monotone strangely seasoned with an infusion of confused Gilbertian humour ; but those who have heard it know all about it, and they know that it goes just like this—

HERE'S a *howdah* do —
We must carry you,
Party, classy,
Hathi—Plassey,
Here's a *howdah* do—
Here's a *howdah* do—
Here's a ding-dong-dell,—
Swing the clanging bell.
We must go a C. H. S. sing
Why or wherefore there's no guessing,
Here's a ding-dong-dell—
Swaying goes the bell.
Here's a state of things—
To our backs they clings
Jangle, jingle,
Jungle, mingle,
Man and maiden pair'd and single
All the welkin rings,
Here's a state of things.
Here's a pretty mess
For three hours, or less !

* The Calcutta Historical Society visited the battle-field of Plassey on the 14th December 1907, borne there and back from the railway station by elephants.

Let them learn our jungle motion,
 (What it's like they have no notion)
 Here's a C. H. S.
 Here's a pretty mess—
 Hear the jungle call together,
 Bird and brute and fur and feather
 While the winds caress,—
 Here's a pretty mess,—
 Whiskers, wings, and stings '
 To our backs they clings—
Howdah-sell and *ankus* shaking,
 Greet them just as dawn is breaking
 When the young sun flings
 Light from off his wings.
 Ding-dong-dell and plod a tandem,
 Pluck the cane and pack at random,
 Send the sounding bell a swinging,
 Hear the jungle calling, singing—
 Ding-dong-ding-dong-dell—
 Ding-dong-ding-dong-dell,
 There the Frenchman fell,
 There the Moslem host went flying
 Here our sires trod quick and dying—
 Jaffier turned and Clive was master,
 Horse and foot fled faster—faster—
 And our sires, their flanks all streaming,
 Crashed and crushed where helms were gleaming—
 Ripping roads of red disaster
 (Jaffier blanched and Clive was master)
 Through the ruthless press—
 Here's a pretty mess.
 Then was snared the flying fowler
 Nawab Khan Sooraj-oo-dowlah,
 Here's a *howdah* do
 Dowlah-dowlah-doo.

Bengal . Past & Present, January 1908.

PLASSEY.

14th December 1907.

WHAT of the day, for the day is awake and the cane is awake
hard by ?

Out and away, for the morn is fair and the ankle-band but frail,—
The round sun calls to the whispering earth and the shrill song'd
amorous sky—

Out and away, while the dawn is grey, on the track of the long
trod trail !

Mind ye the day when the land loosed flame, and the cane lay red in
the mire,—

When the scarlet sons of the strong white North belched death to
a turbanned world,
And the raddled flanks of our sires ripped wide a roadway of blood
and fire

Through the tumbled host ! It has come again with the Flag* of
the North unfurled.

Rede ye the flag, O ladies and lords, (oh, the yellowing cane lies wide !)

Out from the crags whence the North lands look full front to the
listening sea,
Whose ships go down to the amber flood where the great sea *hath* its
ride,

The eloquent turbulent wave flung Flag—the Flag of the bold and
the free !

What of the cord, O brothers and wives ? For the cane is a toss to
the breeze,

And we are elect of the wide wild glebe where the jungle consorts
reign.

The waste hursts call and the winds blow cool through the scent of
the clamorous trees.—

Up and afar, where the brave folk are, at the snap of the witless
chain !

* The flag of the C. H. S. (with Clive's embroidered device) was carried by
the guide elephant.

Where is the rope that shall stay my start when the sap in the cane
calls loud,
Or the tether pale that shall stand the rack of the tug of my naked
might?
Out and away, for the day shall die in the lap of a sedulous cloud
And we shall be free, where the wise ones be, at the dawn of a
star-gemmed night.

Bengal : Past and Present, April 1908.

THE DHOBY-MAN.

THIS is the dhoby man smiling and black—
He takes away ten and brings panch collar back
When I say to him "Dhoby man, this will not do!"
He says "Teen collar took sahib, I giffin' you two."

Bengal · Past and Present, April 1908.

MURSHIDABAD.*

ALL the troubled town of Murshed—
Where Bhagirath's sounding gong
Chariot borne and blest of Brahma
Drew the cleansing streams along,—
All the waiting walls of Murshed
Saw him thread the startled throng.

Every shouter of the *azan*
From the minarets on high
Knew the blind and voiceless rider,
Saw the *hathi* shamble by—
Heard an earless *fakir's* laughter,
Heard the broken mother's cry.

* The C. H. S. visited Murshidabad on the 1st July 1908 as the guests of
H. H. the Nawab Bahadur Amir-ul-Omrah.

Shrill the chant and veiled the weepers,
While the women fringed the roof,
Clenched the fist and hard the visage,
Where the warriors looked aloof,
As the burdened beast strode onward,—
Crimson—tusk and hide and hoof

See him masquerade as monarch
Selled above in sloven state,
Past the Burags peacocked splendour,
Past the Imambara gate,
Heedless of the Rani's* daughter
As of winsome Faizi's† fate.

Where below the river wanders
Still they head the plodding van—
Foot the ford and mount majestic—
Mammoth monster, mangled man,—
To the Khasbagh's marbled silence,—
To the side of Verdi Khan.

All the ruffled hold of Murshed—
Drummed and droned in cadence meet—
Decked him with the Meccan *tushs*,
Wrapt the scented winding sheet,
Piled the earth of sweet Kerbella,
Gently at his head and feet.

Back from sleep to life and laughter
Leave the trellised garden height,
Through the streets the English cannon
Rumble in from Plassey's fight—
For the *nishan* of the North land,
Drapes the *musnud* of to-night.

* Tara, the widowed daughter of Rani Bhowani.

† Faizi, a dancing girl of exquisite beauty, procured from Delhi at a cost of a lakh of rupees, walled up alive.

Set the "World's Destroyer" talking,
 Let the bell bulged belfries reel,
 Be it known that Kingly Jaffier
 Lords beside the Moti Jhil,—
 While the Lake of Pearls reflecteth
 Burnished blades of English steel.
 Every age is as the ages,
 Every life a turn at chess,
 And the master of the tourney
 Moveth all, without redress,—
 Rajah, rook and pawn and camel,
 As he listeth through the press.
 Hear the creed the *hathi* trolleth—
 Mother's tears are ever wet,
Fakirs' laughter ceaseless echoes
 To the dazed *bazar's* upset,
 'Tis our lesser sins undo us,—
 Earless *fakirs* ne'er forget.
 In the gambit lists of Being
 On life's peopled chequer-deck—
 Ware the queen, the horse, the bishop
 Would ye ward an after wreck ;
 Yet remember laughing *fakirs*—
 For a pawn may give the check.
 Sleep is peace and death is living,
 (Though the world in discord fret)—
 There within the portals folded,
 Mercy pleads with justice yet ;—
 As of old a sworded Angel
 At the wardened gate is set.
 Mercy kneels with praying pinions,
 And the guard keeps flaming ward
 Till the shining choir proclaimeth
 All the judgment of the Lord—
 To the moving hinges' music
 When the scabbard eats the sword.

Still the lofty line of Jaffer
 Lifts the northern *nishan* high
(Dazed the broken mother staggered
 While the dreadful dead went by)
In the crumbled courts of Murshed—
 Where the Lake of Pearls is dry.—

Bengal : Past and Present, April 1908.

ENGLAND, INDIA—TWIN VICTORIOUS !

(*Plassey Day, 23rd June 1908.*)

CAME a loftier straw-walled dwelling
 When the trader crossed the main,
Pounce-box'd fighter, quill compelling,
 From the world of mist and rain ;—
Came the Briton, buying, selling,
 Frank and Hollander and Dane
Where the waterway runs bravely
 There came he and made his stand,
Prospered, postured, grandly, gravely,—
 Blade to hip and pen to hand,
Sought and bought and wrought and suavely
 Claimed a kingship in the land.

Came the tide of red undoing, hour of blended wrath and shame,
 Save that from the shot-wrecked fortress gleams the glow of
 Holwell's name

—Wreath the slab that roofs the chamber cradle of an Empire's birth
 Heritage of lordliest lustre to the loftiest rule of earth—
Since the sword went leaping naked to the saving of the land
 When the guns of Plassey thundered at the ring of Clive's command

Dane and Dutchman each rebelling,
 Dipped his flag and left the fray,
Silver convent bells are knelling
 Fleurs-de-lys o'er shadowed day—
But fair England's banners swelling
 Star the wondrous waterway.

Dead Gyretty's pictured ceiling
Sleeps beneath the jungle shade
By the serpent-track revealing,
Cornice-wreck and balustrade,
And the ghosts go ever stealing
Down the wind-bit esplanade.

Tranquebar's pale Danish daughter,
Aureole-tressed and violet eyed,
Laughs toward the shadowy water
Where the dim *feelchehras* ride—
Ere fell Philip's kiss had sought her,—
Ere she posed a prince's bride.

Comes Dupleix—Dupleix forgetting—
(West and East, but France as lord,—
Sun-dream with a cloud-wrapped setting)
Grasping still a broken sword
To a note of wailed regretting
Wrung from some hid harpsichord.

Came the Briton, wise, discerning
India's need for England's sake,
Piled the *ghât*, dishonour spurning,
Set the crammed *bazar* ashake,
Learned to rule—there's no unlearning,—
Came the cannon in his wake.

Came white Law of England's proving—
Rightness wielding, strong, benign,
Stirred the caravans to moving—
Tilled the waste, and stabbed the mine,
Spanned the ford, the mountain grooving,
Plumbed the freight-fed dual line.

Hodson smote and then was ended all that tale of crimson siege,
Then the Moghal by the Musjid falling knew us lord and liege :

Sheathe the blade and from the ramparts hear the clarioned tidings
sweep,--

" Delhi's ours,—the fight is ended—Ind is ours to have and keep !
Dead the dream of Moghal Empire, night had followed Moslem noon—

With the passing of the Princes by the Mosque of Humayoon

Comes the guerdon—Peace full glorious,

Lilied Peace with sceptred might,

Climbed the crag, the way laborious,

Called the halt and won the height,—

England, India,—twain victorious,

Hand-clasped front the gathering light !

The Empire, 23rd June 1908.

THE POINTED REED.

" For He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

THERE is a city by a saffron sea

With amber walls up-standing to the night,

Dun-mantled in the dusk of lilac light,

Asleep, arm-circled by eternity

A tower-walled city from whose postern-gate

Is viewed afar the wide creation's rim ;

With lions to floodwards, great and gaunt and grim ;

The way is narrow and the gate is strait.

The deep is calling to the pulsing deep,

While stars are born to crowd the shrouding sky ,

And, sobbing to the dark, the winds go by,

Kissing the silent streets of silver sleep.

That amber city by the yellowing wave

At dusk enfolds the living who have died,

Who—winnowed all the dross of earthly pride —

Have heard the legions riding strong to save

Who saw Shaddai's bannerettes unfurled—

His cavalcaded host go spurring past,

To thunderous drum-beat and to trumpet-blast

To sentinel the darkness of a world.

And midmost rising, is an ivory stair,
 As dream within a dream, all wondrous wrought,
 And fragrant with the scent of flowers unsought,
 And murmurous with the lilt of songs that were.
 And they who trod that stairway yesterday,
 Have touched the keys of love to lambent fire,
 And learned the lore of lordliest life's desire,
 And probed the web that dulls all destiny.
 For when they won the cloud encroaching height,
 They saw that what was all is less than naught,
 And knew the cloud lift wonderful, and caught,
 The white cool vast of His unending light.
 But who will pace those wardennd walls of rest,
 Must dare the driving desert of the main;
 And, soul-tuned to a childhood's peace, attain,
 To solve the secret of the ivory quest.
 And then shall break upon his earnest need
 An aurioled child beside an open door,
 The radiant Child the unwed mother bore,
 Still pointing upward with a golden reed.
The Englishman, 8th July 1910

DOWN BY THE NULLAH.

("Charnock Day.")

*I SING of a "suttee" that went all askew,—
 Of a function that somehow or other fell through.*

Oh, why are they drumming to-day, to-day,
 The drubbed drab drum of the crocodile hide?
 And what is the tune that the mandolines play?
 And why do the *nautch* girls glide—
 To the shrill sharp squeal of the conch's bray,
 And the clang and the clash of the cymbals gay,
 And the wild wry drone of the tabour blown
 By the *nullah's* neem-fringed side?

And why are the mynas a-mope forlorn,—
 The piping pair of the circling wing—
 Nor lighting the path of the rose-lit dawn
 With the gleam of their silver ring?
 For the day is awake to the close cobbled corn,
 And the iris calls to the dew-lapped morn
 But they fret afraid of the neem's sad shade
 And the clappers that go "dong-ding!"
 Oh, what is this builded so high, so high,
 The fair square pile of the *sandal* sweet?
 And what is it leaps into flame hard by?
 And why do the *tom-toms* beat?
 And hark to it, hark, to a girl's lone cry
 Where it rends the arch of the clear cool sky,
 To the dismal knell of a hammered bell
 And the clank of the anklet fleet.
 And who are these riding so hard, so hard
 A breakneck race with old time to beat,—
 On the horses high of the good town guard
 With the speed of the wind in their feet!
 And they leap right over the turnstile crew
 Without ever thinking of "how do you do?"
 At the long lone call of a maiden's thrall
 By the *nullah's* neem-singed heat.
 And who is he talking so loud, so loud,
 The tense terse talk of a tongue with a tip?
 And what has become of the drum drubbing crowd—
 And why do the *nautch* girls skip?
 And why are the neem-tree's boughs all bowed,
 And the oxen down by the *nullah* cowed
 While the mynas are out and flash wheeling about
 And the lady lets loose at the lot with a lip!
 For it's oh! for the hangers so neat, so neat—
 The blue cool steel of a Bromwyham blade!
 And it's up with her, quick, to the sell's safe seat
 And it's off like a shot on parade.

So hey round the corner and down the next street
 On a galloping roan with the wind in his feet '
 (Or should it be "shoes"? I will leave you to choose—
 And if you prefer it for "street" read "glade.")
 There is nought like the butt of an old Brown Bess
 To tickle a spine on a critical nerve,
 And a well judged hint works well I confess
 From a cutlass' back on the curve.
 So down went the *baboo log* all of a heap,
 And up and away with a lurch and a leap,
 The horse and his master flew faster and faster
 (The two of them breakfastless too, I observe)
 So hey for Calcutta so swift, so swift,—
 (Ah, the mynas wheel now the bird is flown !)
 She gave him a look and he gave her a lift
 And whipped up the pace of the roan, -
 She shook out her tresses and let them all drift,
 And they blew all about him wherever he whiffed,—
 Forgotten the nullah, (they meant to annul her)
 Job Charnock at once ringed the lady his own
 So now for the moral of this little lay—
 (With verse it is proper a moral to link)—
 Like Townshend, who saw the two scamper away,
 You well may indulge in a wink,
 Be punctual, get back fairly soon in the day,
 Or you'll find *chota harri* is quite cleared away,—
 At a *suttee* don't scoff when it doesn't come off,
 As a suitor, just loot her, and—don't stop to think.

(At a banquet given by the Calcutta Historical Society at Peliti's on the evening of the day these verses appeared—the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal presiding—the Rev. W. K. Firminger, Editor of *Bengal Past and Present*, challenged their regard for historical truth but conceded to "Dak" his right to "poetic licence." This ancient Calcutta tradition, however, is one hard to displace, as a matter of fact Calcutta will never consent to part with it; though if ever the elopement really did happen at all, it took place up-country and not in Calcutta.)

The Englishman, 24th August 1908.

JOB CHARNOCK OF THE MID-DAY HALT.

(*24th August 1690.*)

THE warring shires with strife were torn,
And England's King stood sore in need,
When, to an English home, was born
A child of rock hewn birth and breed.

They named him Job before the Lord—
—Job Charnock—at a font unknown,
While crop-eared might with lifted sword
Frowned froward by a self-broke throne.

Was it a kneeling mother thought
On him of old who walked upright,
Who spake with God, and ever wrought
Up-standing in his Maker's sight?

Ere Moses dashed the Law in twain
At sight of Israel's molten kine
In herding Uz was fashioned plain
The rule of His acclaimed design

Clear called from out the bolt-ripped cloud—
To flinch not though the mountains jar,—
And the proud dark, colossal, shroud
The rightness of the things that are

Sad Job of Time's unshackled dawn
Saw Sabea smite and cursed not fate
He held the hand that rocks the morn
And wakes the chambers of the gate.

And, counting darts but stubble, knew
To deem as nought the shaking spear,
The habergeon to eschew
And front high wrath with kingly fear.

And Job of England took the thread
Of fate as spun at Heaven's command,
And knew the slings of doubt and dread
But deep things out of darkness planned

Perchance, his sire on Naseby sward
Saw England's lion standard shine,—
And heard the shouts for church and lord
Ring all along the charging line.

Then saw the stallion squadrons reel
At shock of pike and thrust of blade,
And, thwarted by a wall of steel,
Resistless Rupert all unmade—

The flank flecked manless steeds in flight,
The shattered lance, the dented mail,
A mob-led kingdom madly right,
And Rupert's ride without avail

For who shall scan His wisdom dread?
The padding droves of Uz delight,
To greet the war-star's panels red
That blush the sky-scape of the night

Job's youth is set behind the reach
Of seeking ones who probe and plod
Mayhap, he heard the tinker teach
The pilgrim way that leads to God.

And crossed the slough by Christian's side
And met the lions, face to face,
And fought, with him, Despair and Pride—
Great-hearted to the stool of Grace

(Who thinks to-day on Bedford town—
On Bedford bridge and reedy stream,
Or heeds to take the old tome down
To con the glorious tinker's dream?)

Mayhap, he watched by Whitehall gate
Blunt Oliver, uncrowned of men,
Full sceptred in a coach and eight—
With Milton of the seraph pen.

And shouted from the kerb-stone throng,
The while the palfreys pranced in line,
And thought on that majestic song
Of Ormuz and Golconda's mine.

How Salem's courts of lattice laced
Loud fluttered as the peacocks preened
For silken girls, who laughing, graced
The rose zananas, ivory screened

What time the poet ruler strode,
Arm laden, to the scented room,
And tossed to white gemmed hands the load
Of woven foam from Dacca's loom.

And mused on Jehan's marble dream,—
High altar of a sleepless love—
The bubble dome—the yellow stream—
The towers that top the cypress grove.

And heard the East a call at thought
Of all the apes that swung serene
On Olivet from Ophir brought
For pearl-roped Sheba's wistful queen

Who hears the East a-call, must rise
And follow fast, in spite of fears,—
Though in her lurking glance there lies
The sadness of a thousand years.

The pilot gone, they slipped the Nore,
And left the luring rocks behind
Where Tarshish ships, in days of yore,
Were broken by the Eastern wind

And hugged the coast of Atlas crowned,
Then, plunging, made the open main,
Nor dared the moorman's seas that bound
The couchant lion of granite Spain.

Then Eastward Ho, for Ormuz gold !
And Eastward Ho, for Cape and Bay !
Though England's oaks are gnarled and old
And England's noons are chill and grey.

The wisdom of the world is wise
But weary with a weight of fears
With us the course compelling lies
'Tis ours to shape th' unfolding years.

They met the Dutchman bellying past
Where crested combers overwhelm,
Full hard against th' opposing blast
And Vanderdecken at the helm.

And, hunger bitter, sought and sailed
Where thick clouds bind the sullen wave,,
Where moves Behemoth cedar tailed,
With eyes like morning's eye-lids brave

Out of his mouth go lamps a-burn,
And all the flakes of all his flesh
Wear crimson when the levins turn
The winedark flood to light afresh.

By amber planets, wan with rain,
Stiff moons that tease the troubled soul,
Whose meerschaumed seas slide sheer amain,
Unending to the southern pole.

Then by the Bay where pirates thrive—
—The pirates who the galleons find—
And ill-sagged gusts and gales contrive
A cauldron of the vexing wind.

The rest is told for those who seek,—
The rest is writ for all may see
How Charnock, like the well greaved Greek,
Held for the West the East in fee.

He halted, where the myna wings,
 And laid the walls of William's day —
 And all the keels of all the Kings
 Come riding up the waterway.
 Wide Asia's Queen, of sure emprise,—
 The city million-loomed to bless,—
 The city of the flaming skies,—
 The city of the world's caress
 Of fighting Holwell undismayed,—
 Of Hastings of the wondrous brow,
 Of Plassey of the leaping blade,—
 Of keening kite and scarlet bough.
 And here he sleeps, and by his side,
 Sole sharer of death's kindly gloom,
 The sapphire girdled dark eye'd bride
 He wrested from the sandal fume.
 White Welder of the Law unbought,
 High Wardress of the East's desire,
 The city of the scatheless court,
 The city of the pointing spire.

The Empire, 24th August 1908

THE OTHER BOMB.

"After reading this document, Mr. Chuckerbutty said their lordships would recollect that the other bomb was found on the 31st July, and it was of the same description as the other bomb."—"The Englishman," 18th September 1908.

IT was the time between the times, the fag end of the rain,
 When all we had to talk of was the "Dancing Girls of Spain."
 When coolies ripped the roadway up with mad malicious zest,
 And Davenport's sought other ports, and Birds another nest
 The Court was dealing justice with a well pronounced despatch,—
 (I can't recall the number that would indicate "the batch") —
 When Mr. Chuckerbutty said, with emphasised aplomb,
 "The other bomb in all respects is like the other bomb."

The learned Court was very firm, the learned Court was plain,
It took its *chesmas* off its nose and put them on again,—
And told the pleaders and the press perspiring in a bunch—
"I'm going to make a note of that!" And then they went to lunch

Let justice thrive though ceilings fall, so be they fall with tact,
(That is when I am somewhere else)—the Law is most exact,—
It loud proclaimed the solid fact when all is said and done
"The other bomb in each respect is like the other one"

O blessed, blessed, blessed Law; our refuge in distress—
That never, never, fails to waltz relentless through the press,
We've grappled with your dictum but have failed to get in touch.
"The other's like the other!"—Well, it doesn't help us much

O Lux! O Lex! O Libertas! O Light! O Law! O lor!
You never know your blessings till you think on Alipur,
Our wits, like *garry-wallahs*, seem about to go on strike—
But, if t' other's like the other why then what's the other like?

The Empire, 19th September 1908

THE DIADEM AND THE LILIES

THE world is very old and wise,
—For wisdom is where youth hath fled—
Upon her brow a diadem lies
And in her lap are lilies dead,—
The diadem gleams, serene, confessed,—
But, oh, I love the lilies best

The diadem tells of strife decreed,
Of hope fulfilled, of victory won,
Of thought that burned to worthy deed
And took the daylight of the sun,—
The lilies of an Eden lost,—
And, oh, I love the lilies most.

The world was young and life was fair,
 The lilies shone in lustre mild,
 The gods were here, the gods were there,
 When all the world was but a child—
 And men were gods and gods were men—
 The lilies bloomed unhindered then.
 Before the Ethiopie dragged the load
 That piled proclaim a Pharoah's reign,
 Before the Sphinx in night's abode
 Was hewn to lord the Nubian plain,
 The lilies nodded debonnaie
 For gardenned gods unknown of care.
 Ere Ilium's steed spewed mailed host,
 Or harboured Rhodes' colossus flared,
 Ere Endor's hag roused prophet's ghost
 Or patriarch's prayer Gomorrah spared—
 For god and man and beast and bird
 The love laved lilies laughing stirred.
 Before the folk thrust Babel's dome
 Tremendous through the galleried cloud,
 Ere Ararat's peak was lashed by foam,
 Or Uz knew Job's bewailing proud,—
 The lilies of a world all bliss
 Danced jocund to the good sun's kiss.
 THOU SHALT was writ across the sky,
 THOU SHALT NOT flamed the Eden gate,
 And all the gods went forth to die,
 And all the world stood up to fate.
 The lilies drooped disdained and dead,
 And Eden shook to Angel's tread.
 The diadem tells of faith complete,
 Of high resolve accomplished well,
 Of spikenard for the bleeding feet,
 Of lichway and of passing bell.
 Of death unstinged, of loss all gain,
 Of rainbow-flush on thunder-rain.

The diadem tells of Heaven rewon
Through baffled doubt and passion rage
Of pride repelled, and self undone,
Of evil quelling age on age,—
The lilies of a peace unlost,—
And, oh, I love the lilies most.

The Englishman, 29th September 1908.

THE STATUS QUO.

I'd like to be a Status Quo
That all the Powers maintain,—
The Quo that just declines to go
And hangs on—might and main,—
It seems to me, without a doubt
The Status knows its way about.

When Beaconsfield, Bismarck and Co.
At Berlin's board did sit
They always liked the Status Quo
And thought a lot of it.
Though Gortschakoff was quite unnerved
They said "the Quo must be observed!"

When Dizzy from Berlin came back,
With Peace and all the rest of it,
He'd shuffled all the Congress pack—
And always got the best of it.
He play'd it high. He play'd it low—
But pacified the Status Quo.

The Status now is on the dip
At Tinovo awaiting
A diplomatic "flip-flap" trip
A trifle oscillating,—
But will it turnover? Dear me
A Ferdinand's worth two—or three

Now Europe's got the Quo in tow
(While Turkey's on the gobble)
Isvolsky nudges Clemenceau
To watch the Status wobble—
But will it topple? Oh, dear, No
For Asquith hath a quid pro Quo.

I'd like to be a Status Quo
That holds its own so nicely—
(I'd hold my own and others' too
To tell the truth precisely)
I'd like to feel when thrones go flop
That I would always come up top.

The Englishman, 11th October 1908.

CAKLE, CACKLE.

MERE Mary Jane of Peckham had
A soul for idle chatter,
A failing, not to say a fad,
For things that didn't matter

To lack a vote that was no use
Was most exasperating,—
She alternated shrill abuse
With Mister Asquith baiting.

And learned of Holloway the ins
And outs with some precision,
When rusticated for her sins
In H. I. M.se's prison

And, when she'd drained the dregs away
Of folly's flaccid ullage,
They dragged her on a horseless dray
From Islington to Dulwich.

So Mary's won a senseless fame
 Wherever she has led off.—
 I call her pranks a silly game
 And wish they'd chop her head off.
 That Law and Order must abide
 Though addle-pates would wreck 'em—
 Is true by Thames' or Tolly's side,
 At Alipur or Peckham.
 That East is East and West is West
 Can yield to no evasion—
 A simpler truth can't be expressed
 By ratiocination.
 The shining East goes wristed hard
 With *rakhi*-thread a-shackle—
 And round the rails of Palace Yard
 The women cackle, cackle.
 But yesterday, when good M.P.'s
 Were thinking of the Balkans
 The women buzzed about like bees—
 Or circling chiffon'd falcons.
 One pounced upon the Speaker's Chair,
 All spick and span and spruce too,
 But reached the Lobby worse for wear —
 Like Mister Bradlaugh used to.
 So West is East and East is West
 In goatish antics vieing,—
 I think I like the East the best
 Miss Mary Jane's too trying

The Englishman, 16th October 1910.

SONS OF THE FLAG.

"Whether Bulgaria's action leads to war remains to be seen, the Great Powers interested are keenly alive to the dangers of such a conflict. Should that conflict be inevitable, however, it is likely to be a bitter one."—"The Englishman."

SONS of the Flag!—the war-cone flies—

Sons of our wind swept Isles afar—

Lo, where the keening vulture cries

His greeting to the gathering war,—

The gage is flung, the stroke decreed

In Freedom's name, at Europe's need !

The vassal where the Balkans are

In thriftless peace hath warped his soul,—

From plain and pass, from ford and scaur

Men muster to the war-drum's roll—

Uncurbed the lust of mordant hate

The Border swings the Janus gate.

The battle clash may spend its might,

Stark forms will red the writhing sod,

The smoke wreath curl from roof alight

And blood-ripped life cry out to God ;—

The blast may pass,—a Bulgar raid,—

Ere England flesh her falchion blade.

Sons of the North—the world is wide,—

The eager sword hath rusted long,—

The peoples hurtle side by side,—

And victory hearts the wise and strong ;—

The nations look for guiding might

To lead to the Millennial Light.

'Tis ours the Flag that Nelson knew,

Our coast-line is the nations' bounds,

And, our vermillioned empire through

The clamour of a world resounds ;—

We warriors of the wind and wave

Are kinglets grasping jasper stave.

'Tis ours—at need—to hurl defeat

To world aggression held in slip,
A blatant Orient's wiles to meet,

Or Teuton menace—ship to ship—
Fling hectoring Tokio's claims to hell,
Or shutter up the Kiel Canal.

'Tis ours to hew the path that bids

The lesser folk to ways that rise,—
To lift the darkness from the lids

That seeking see not sun-lit skies,—
'Tis ours—at need—the death that won
The reeling throb of Marathon.

Sons of the Flag!—at England's need

The corners of a world will yield
The men that murmur every creed,
The creeds that hallow every shield,—
For us the keels will furrow far
When England girds to meet the war.

The age is ripe, new ways decreed,—

The viewless, pathless, times unfold,—
And from the dark, the lean pale steed
Looms large upon a spectred world,—
While blind skulls stare the jagging sky
Where phantom legioned hosts go by.

We know not whence the storm may come,

We know the war-ports' keels are drilled
To Fate's momentous voiceful drum
With diapasoned clangour thrilled ;—
A sworded Angel strides the air—
Sons of the Flag—prepare ! prepare !

The Journal, 19th October 1908.

THE FAKIR.

HE came from out the twilight lands
That fringe the violet world unseen,—
Of gaunt reserve and meagre mien,
And talon-twisted tortured hands.

His clotted locks with dust were dressed,
About his loin a cloth was tied,
The shrivelled skin could hardly hide
The muscled shrinkage of his breast.

Twin scarlet daubs adorned his brow,—
The beads about his shoulder worn,
And bowl of painted samber horn,
Bespoke his self-appointed vow.

Then, with a skewer of whittled wood
Safe wristed with a leathern thong,
He traced a line, a cubit long,
Upon the paving where he stood.
And with a tiger's sinuous grace
Flung to the ground his ample height—
And, arm length, stretched his naked might
All prone upon his bearded face.

He lay with bowl at finger-tip,
And spoke the over-world on high—
The gods and godlings of his sky
With aching *henna* tintured lip.

And women by with shining hair
Threw alms within the varnished bowl,
And 'suaged the teasing of their soul
With largess to the powers that were.

He scrabbled with the whittled wood
Where white Chowringhee skirts the green.
The shameless pity of the scene !
The equipoise of bad and good !

Then, when the prayer for peace was said,
 He rose to fall and rise again,
 And knew with dumb dishevelled pain
 The gods are just,—the gods are dead.
 Trunked Ganesh from a disc of gold
 Shone clasped about his silvered arm,
 And Mahdeo on a turquoised charm
 Peeped, minted, from a wristlet's fold.
 I watched him writhe his measured way
 To Kali by the *nullah's* shrine,—
 With bowl and disc and haunting whine—
 A strange survival of his day.
 He crawled from purple dusk's abode—
 The waste horizon's silent rim,—
 And nought that was was ought to him
 In all that wide Chowringhee road.
 The rail-tied wains, that flaming urge
 A heedless course of reckless ease,—
 Were nought to him who, sightless, sees
 The Is and Was and Will-be merge
 The red-eyed cars flash blythe and brave.—
 Or Life, or Death, or Loss, or Take—
 Spins the blind wheel—we merit make—
The dewdrop slips within the wave.

The Englishman, 20th October 1908.

UXOR DELECTISSIMA.

THE Wych is wild with lichen rime,
 The Pix-path tells Titania's loss,
 The Malvern peaks aspiring climb
 Where Romans fought Caractacos—
 And we were cousins, boy and maid,
 Of England's breed and England's tongue
 In those glad days of glen and glade
 When all the gallant world was young.

I seem to hear our ponies' hoofs
 A-scamper down the Ledbury lane,
 And mind a rain-bow arched the roof
 Of Worcester's scintillating fane,—
 And how by coach we went one day,
 To timbered Stratford Avon'd fair ;
 It seems to me but yesterday
 I throned her Queen in Shakespeare's chair
 We watched the trout beneath the bridge
 And chased the squirrels where they ran
 Along the rhododendron ridge,
 And quaff'd the well of sweet St. Anne,—
 Plucked daffodil and pimpernel—
 And lived and laughed, or shine or fog,
 With Tib, the pampered tortoiseshell,
 And Don, the black retriever dog.
 And then, through kinsman Clive, there came
 A call to Ind, across the sea,—
 To me, a youth of gentle name—
 A born cadet of fit degree.
 Who hears the East a-call must tread
 The husks that clog her threshing floor,
 And learn to love with seemly dread
 Her manacled and shuttered door.
 We parted in the twilight late
 Beside the lodge across the park,
 Beneath the leopard shielded gate—
 And everything went very dark
 We could not speak, we knew not how,
 I saw her tear-draped lashes fall,
 And smoothed a curl from off her brow,
 And kissed her lips,—and that was all.
 Who hears the East a-call must win
 To prove the lack of all at need,—
 Of bird and beast, of kith and kin,
 Of home and hearth and altar creed.

Slow back along the drive she went
 With Don cajoling at her side,
 And then above the dog she bent—
 I saw her lean and know she cried.
 They vexed me with Pattana salt,—
 With silken quilt and amberty—
 With betel, ghee, and rice and malt,—
 With rasay and zeffercany,—
 And then (when sped a year or twain)
 We kissed upon the bastioned *ghat*,—
 Ah God! we ever met again—
 Ah me!—Royal William's fated fort
 Who hears the East a-call must know
 The price of place, the pride of pain,—
 The right of rule, the rule of woe,—
 And life that's ne'er the same again.
 She heard the call and gave the heed,
 Or East, or West, the tale's the same,
 For fame hath gold, and ease hath greed,—
 She married wealth and age and fame.
 The columned hall flung far its light
 Across the Lal Bagh's skirting pale,
 O'er palms that tossed the shadowy night
 From lofty clustered foliage frail.
 The dancers paused a little space,—
 The bride, with opalled glory starred,
 In *minuet* recalled the grace
 Of Watteau or of Fragonard
 'Twas Hastings' hand that wrapped her round
 In woven foam of Dacca's loom,
 And led her laughing to the sound
 Of plaudit 'cross the clamorous room.
 And Francis raised his glass to quiz
 Her fragrant wealth of glowing charm;—
 She froze him with a glance, I wis,
 And slid her hand within my arm

We sought the deep verandah cool
 That looked along the moonlit square,
 With slumbering palm, and sleeping pool,
 Caught in the dead September air.
 Her shoulders bared, her corselet clung
 With sapphired lustre flashing high—
 We looked where grand Orion swung—
 Dun gold against a purple sky.
 She drew a locket from her breast
 With half a laugh that's all a sob,
 —A yellow gaud with graven crest—
 And thrust it well within my fob.
 The night bird flew his lowest flight,
 A jackal screamed in solitude—
 And dark against the stifled night
 St. Anne's fire ravished fabric stood.
 We saw the garnered storm arise,
 The blast that broke the palm trees' pride—
 But, such the look within her eyes,—
 I drew her fainting to my side—
 And carried her within the room
 And crashed the creaking *jhimmls* back.
 The thunder voiced the call of doom,—
 The levin'd sky, all rage, and black.
 She rallied from the passing swoon,
 They fetched a leech and found some ice,—
 The bridegroom of that afternoon
 Was summoned where he tossed the dice.—
 Their chairs arrived, I know not how,
 (The storm was o'er) but drawn her blind,—
 A peacock preened him at her prow,—
 A scarlet tiger grinned behind.
 Away she went, by charred St. Anne—
 Grim relic of a broken past,—
 With painted lace, and ivory fan
 Her link flare fading, fading, fast—

I held her locket to the glare,
 —A dog's curl glazed in golden sheathe,
 A crisp soft wisp of ebon hair—
 And "Don" was written underneath.
 Then turned me to my chamber nigh—
 —A bow shot off—at halting pace,—
 (A cloudy monster piled the sky—
 As yammering with a muffled face);—
 And, where the darkened square held bright,
 Around the fitful torches' gloom,
 Moved harridans of dreadful night—
 The narded Abishags of doom.
 Once round the clock, a minute gun
 Cracked sharp upon the sullen air,—
 Anon a *cortège* wound along
 By pillared porch and garden square,
 And first behind the hearse, I trow,
 Borne shoulder high, so light, so white,
 Walked Hastings of the wondrous blow
 With Francis, silent, on his right
 Then he and I, then two and two,
 Soldier and priest and magistrate—
 With writer, merchant buck and beau,—
 And all the town, both small and great;—
 And dark-eyed women, bracelet bound,
 Drew veils across their shining hair,—
 And lithe-limbed Brahmins touched the ground,
 Or tossed their tawny arms in air,—
 And meek-eyed kine in dewlapped state
 Went nodding by, as though they knew,—
 And from the sphinx of Impey's gate
 A Parliament of pigeons flew.
 "*Ashes to Ashes—Dust to Dust*"—
 Yet most I mind with thrill divine
 A gemmed white hand that sought my trust,
 And love-lit eyes that laughed in mine.

Lift high the yield of Akra's flame
And deftly spread the pliant lime,—
Raise we a pile to send her fame
Long ringing down the depths of Time,
To tell the world her beauty yet
For all the days that are to be,—
This pearl of England gently set
Where England queens the Indian sea.

The Englishman, 4th November 1908.

THE MAKER OF GODS.

KIRTI sat by the shrine to rest
(Maker of gods to the Lohar kind)
Where the untrod peaks of the Garhwals wind
In a laddered calm by a world all blind
To a Himalayan crest.

Kirti sat, but his heart throbbed high,
(And the squat god snugged in the Shamruk shrine—
The fat god cleft from a sundered pine
With gaud and cowrie and daub ashine)
For Gowrie's wife came by.

Meha came o'er the flower disc'd sod,
Meha, "kissed of the gods" they tell,
With the good sweet grace of a hill gazelle,
And eyes that shone with the morning's spell
When the night stars pale and nod.

Kirti sat him by Gowrie's wife
(Maker of gods with a crafter's pride),
And the old year sped on a timeless tide,
"Oh, how shall I fashion a god"—he cried,
"For the new days quick to life?"

And up from the clustered roofs be-spread
With marrow and maize (for the season passed)
The drab drum called to the hill-closed vast
"The god that hath tarried is coming at last,"
"For the old god's days are dead!"

Then Meha, maker of mischief, twirled
A sun-spun tress by the wind tossed free—
"Oh hé! the guise of the god to be
In face and in form should be like unto thee—
O Lord of the Lohar world!"

"Thy mouth is that of a Garhwal cave,
(And she lifted her own with its ivoryed crowd)
And thy voice hath the lilt of the hoolock proud
Quoth she, demure as to Rama vowed,
"And thy nose as of Ganesh brave!"

"A scented lungoor lives in the shocks
Of that bearded front of a bear design"—
"O, Kirti, keeper of Shamruk shrine,
O, Kirti, king of this heart of mine,
O, priest of the shearless locks!"

And Kirti sat him by Gowrie's wife,
Her tumbled tresses a-toss to the dawn,
And the sweet world smiled to the clean day born
For waking cattle and waving corn
In the land of the Lohar life.

Then Gowrie came from the hill-side ways
And he piled her high with a faggot load,
And smote at an ox with a pointless goad,
And went to his place as the round sun glowed
Through the cloak of the morning haze.

And Kirti lifted his hand to bless
The three that went where the mountains led,
But "a peace go with thee" was what he said—
When the frosty sun, but a ball of red,
Lit Meha's floating tress.

He watched by the limesplashed shrine that day,
But all that came to his pulse-beat brain
Was "King of my heart" in glad refrain
"King of my heart" again—again—
And Kirti knelt to pray.

And there, where Mehn had lain and laughed,
Lay a mirror like to a *mem-sahib's* god,
A trampled thing that the ox had trod
Half hid in the green of the forest sod—
Of gold with a turquoise haft.

And then he thought on the curl tossed free
By the maker of mischief twirled and kissed,
And there spoke to his soul through the random mist
The topaz glint of a lifted wrist,
And the guise of the god to be.

Kirti hid him a half moon's space
(Maker of gods for a twelve-mooned span)
And he wrought him a god in the guise of a man
In the woodworld deep on a witless plan
With the help of a mirrored face.

The nose was framed of a Ganesh brand,
And the caverned mouth had a monstrous grin,
While hair, shorn crisp from a nilghau's shin,
Clad face and form with a hirsute skin,
And stiffened each thumbless hand.

From riven vessels in stoppered half
Came eyes; and a legend that none could read
Stared from the brow in a cyphered screed,
Till a travelled one in a garb of tweed
Spelled "ENO'S SALT" (with a laugh).

So the new god came to the shrine at last,
And the squat god went where the fat gods go,
And the tom-toms called to the vale below
While the nautch girls jigged to the torches glow—
For the squat god's day was past.

Thus Kirti did him a goodly trade
The crowded bowl was piled to the brim
With the alms a-tumble on Meha's whim
To fangle a god that was like unto him—
While the votive conches brayed.

The god was named at the screech of reed,
"Scarer of Demons" to Shamruk hold,—
And dire are the terrible haps all told
Of the thumbless one with the turquoised gold
Who mirrors each thought and deed.

So Kirti sits by the shrine to-day—
(Maker of gods to the Lohar line),
But ever he broods on a face divine
Where the laddered heights of the Garhwals shine,
And a laugh that rings "*Oh hé !*"

The Englishman, 18th November 1908

THE GATEWAY OF HEERA BHAI.

GODS and godlings stand to view
Where the world goes wandering through
Sonar's archway, pointed high,
While the ages ponder by ;—
Sonar city, gleaming gold,
Pinnacled with fanes untold,
Gated Sonar, girdled green,
Sonar of the *Hathi* Queen.

I too passed within the gate
With an officer of state—
Ram Singh of the Durbar's ken
Ram Singh of the Rajpoot men—
When a bell-call tinkled clear
From a latticed shelter near.
(Krishna zithered, Ganesh bland
Flanked the wall on either hand).—

From a postern, opened there,
Leading to a turret-stair,
Came a priest with plattered food
And a blanket warm and good,—
These a limping beggar took
Clutchfully with thankful look,—
“What is this—Ram Singh?” said I,—
“Huzoor—this!” he made reply.

Atar Singh the Rajpoot ruled, great of girth and fair of face,
Bidi's chief and Sonar's lord by the Brahmin's drinking place.
Lo, this broken cornice piled hurled in random fragments, still
Marks the place of Atar Singh, where he wrought as Rajas will.
High above this riven pave many a love has leaped to flame
'Hind the coiled zenana *grille*, when he went and when he came

Selled, he, on a proper steed. loved the chase, as Rajputs all,
So the boar tusked, swift and strong, out beyond the city wall.
Thus, on an auspicious day, when the tale of tusks told high
Atar Singh rode hot to hunt with his trackers running by—
Came a pig of doughty deed, came a heat of solid sway,
Came a stubborn kill that happed but just upon the drop of day

Atar's charger sniffed the trough for a cooling draught a-thrill,
But a tracker foiled his drink, earth devourer—Tantia Bhil.
Wroth was Atar—wholly wroth. “Spawnlet of a dog!” he cried
“Thus to thwart Lal Gora's thirst and thus to thrust his bit aside!”
And he lifting high the Bhil who the red steed wrong had wrought,
Dashed him, so he lay as dead, broken on the cobbled court.

Tantia's bones full loosened lay—all his joints were rent apart,
Where this godded gateway gives leading to the Sonar mart.
Here lay he from dew to eve, wailing, for he could not die—
When they told the thing within, raged the Raja “Let him lie!”
None was known the city through brave to end the gated shame—
E'en the dog that loked the Bhil growled at hark of Atar's name.

Came the Maharaja Saheb, (feast and frolic followed high,)—
And, to track the tigered maze, came the *Hathi*, Heera Bhai.

Heera Bhai, the Keddah Queen, she who four score years had known,—

At her neck an *ankus* slung, *howdah'd* with a silver throne.
So they made the city gate, horse and foot and jungle queen,
Saddle pad and *ekka* tat and silken shuttered *palankeen*.

Called the cavalcade a halt by the beggar, where he lay,
“Clear the gate!” cried Atar Singh “Lo, the Twice-born shoots to-day!”

Then was told to Atar Singh of the Bhil’s resentful cry—
“Get ye gone!” cried Atar Singh “and leave the thing to Heera Bhai!”
Came along the crumpling beast, jangling harness pealing loud—
“*Jai-ka* Heera! Be it seen! broke from forth the rallying crowd

Heera moved with lifted foot, stay’d her to the beggar’s groan,
Shook the Twice-born where he perched watchful from his silver throne,

Backed upon the crowded street, heedless of the tumbled din,
Plucked the *mahout* from her neck and trumpeted to all her kin.
Thrice the *mahout*, *ankus* armed, smote her bleeding forehead high.
Thrice she paused with lifted foot and thrice went backward Heera Bhai.

Then the Twice-born—“Heera Bhai scorns to kill though smitten sore!”

So was told the Sahib the tale of torture by the painted door.
“*Huzoor!*” clamoured loud the throng “Rajput lords were lords indeed—

Now they leave the quick to die—now they ope the wound to bleed!”
And the Twice-born where he sat knew the folk as speaking well,
Tulwar’d called to Atar Singh. This the tale the gossips tell.—

Atar Singh was held for death—Heera Bhai to stamp his life,—
Ta’en his heir, and ta’en his horse, and ta’en his house, and ta’en his wife.

“All I have!” cried Atar Singh, “all, my lord, is to thy hand—
Spare my life but take my heir, take my horse, my house, my land!”
Spared his life was Atar Singh but pledged to work the Heavenly will—
Then they left him standing there—silent by the stricken Bhil.

Tantia's hurts were healed at last, halt and sick were succoured long,
Pain was drove from crippled age and helpless ones became as strong.
Thus the zeal of Atar Singh, so he waged the upward way—
Raised the faint and cured the ill, and faced through death the final
day.

Though he walks with *hours* fair far beyond our world's re-call
Still his tinkling latticed bell sounds upon the postern wall.
Thus there passed the lord of Bid, purged of sin and self, and pride
And Heera Bhai, to mercy vowed, strides *hours* guided by his side.

Gods and godlings line the wall
Where the mingling shadows fall.
Shiva and Ganesha-jis
Smile across the mangoe trees.

And I ponder on the truth
Of the tale of Atar's ruth—
On the set of Atar's star—
Huzoor ! life's a mockery—*wah !*

The Englishman, 20th November 1908.

“WHAT'S THE TIME?”

“King Edward has directed that in future the National Anthem shall be always played at a uniform rate of eighty crotchets to the minute.”—(Renter.)

KING Edward has a crown of gold,
And stars adorn his breast,
He sways the ways of England old—
Old England in the West ;
In pleasant place his lines are cast
Whose royal glances meet
The scarlet clad Venetian-mast
Down each side of the street.

For him the lion standards fly
Along the Birdcage walk,
And busbied guards go striding by
To whom the nursemaids talk.

For him are trooped the colours proud
 When fife and bugle fall
 In step behind the big drum loud
 To promenade the Mall.
 "Edvardus Septimus vivat—
 Ed : Maximus !" we cry—
 And wag the loyal and lustrous hat
 Whenever he comes by.—
 "Domine salvum fac nostrum
 Regem !" or dawn or dark
 Responds the great big hammered drum
 To dominate the Park.
 King Edward has a hymn sublime
 The world his anthem hums—
 To roses (in the summer-time)
 Or cold crysanthemums,
 A tune to heart the English will
 To hilt the English blade,
 While England's charging squadrons still
 The foe's red cannonade.
 The strain the salvoed breezes sing
 From Westminster to York
 When some fair princess pulls a string
 And pops a simkin cork,—
 As England's "Dreadnought" sheds the slips
 Which cage her timbered stays—
 That sentinels old England's ships
 To ply the ocean ways.
 The strain that wakes the green *maidan*,
 When times are all in joint,
 And horse and foot and rear and van
 Pass the saluting point.
 The rousing cheer-compelling bars,—
 The soul enthralling tones,—
 When L.-G.'s come in motor-cars
 To lay foundation stones.

It livens up the Grand Trunk way
 That streaks the burning land
 Where England walks in war's array
 With Colonel and with Band.
 And when we feel "the Play's the thing"
 And toss bouquets about—
 The *baton* beats "God save the King"
 (And then we all go out).
 We know Britannia rules the waves,
 That England rides the storm,
 And like to think King Edward craves
 A rate that's uniform.
 Since "music is the food of love"
 Beneath the quiring stars
 We ought to be a bit above
 A tune that drags or jars.
 But Reuter brings us news unique
 Conundrumed (nought could twin it)—
 How many crotchets make a week
 If eighty make a minute?
 Best give it up, without regret,
 One can't keep crotchets quite,
 The Socialist and Suffragette
 Prescribe a "crotchet" diet.
 But why such thing concerns the star
 Of Edward King sublime—
 You'd better ask a *chowkidar*
 Remarking "what's the time?"
 Or ask the lion on the gate
 That foots the Esplanade—
 "What uniforms a minute rate
 Of eighty in the shade?"
 So "live the King!" the people shout
 (And live Sir Andrew true!—
 And live the Maharaja stout!—
 And Mr. Barber too!)

For did not Edward rule the state
(Its truth—I'm well within it)
We yet might lack the eighty rate
Of crotchets to the minute

The Empire, 24th November 1908

AGRA TAJ

ALL the serried ranks of ages whelmed by time's resistless
stream
Gave to man no loftier splendour than Jehan's immortal dream.
Rising marble wrought, majestic—hear the call to East and West —
“All is lost but Love remaineth, all is won for Love is best !”
Tomb of love and dome of sorrow—lo, the dawn is breaking fast
And the clarion call of ages ringeth from the spectred past:—
“Joy is coming with the morning—Love is left and Love will last !”

The Englishman, 26th November 1908.

ATKINS' SOLILOQUY

HO! I takes a tram an' thinks a 'eap o'things,
While the giddy little 'lectric tinkler rings—
On a subjec' wot demands a 'eap o'thought,
Its tuppence all the way to Kali Ghaut.
First yer notice Mister Nubby Bux Esquire
Doin' *poojah* in a church without a spire—
Moppin' mattin' with 'is 'ead—
Which 'is waistcoat's green an' red—
An' 'is esillippers waitin' outside in the mire
Then there's Luckman, a-developin' 'is show,
With 'is mortar-boarded nippers in a row—
Spoutin' proper as 'e ought—
An' beyond there's Kali Ghaut
With Kali—red an' yellor *kawm eel pho*,—

Black Kali—w'ich 'er tongue's a 'angin' out
An' regeneratin' Injya on the shout
All in *appera po* regalia
Got up dressy, fit to nail yer—
Though a-over emphasisin' for the stout.

Ho! We referees religions fair an' free,
Where the 'Ooghly runs a-smilin' to the sea—
We erkommerdates yer quick with any sort—
Its tuppence all the way to Kali Ghaut—
 Dô anna all the way to Kali Ghaut—
From the Dhurumtolla Mosque to Kali Ghaut

The Mercantile War Cry, December 1908.

ASIATICUS.*

LIFE'S Mansion looks where fate's unswerving stream
On haltless, tireless measured wave goes by—
From the dripped spring that stirs some legend dream
To the full bosom of Eternity.

It looks on things the years' dead lips have kissed,
By time's mooned sickle reaped beside the way,
Backward to where the morn-star pales in mist,—
And onward to God's fullest, whitest day.

The windows ope where all the winds command
To view the course the gliding ages span,
Each, forward thrust by fate's compelling hand,
To learn the fullness of His ways to man.

*Mr. K. N. Dhar, of the Imperial Library, has just republished the "Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus"—by "Philip Dormer Stanhope, Esq., late of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards." The work originally appeared in London in 1784 and copies are scarce. This reprint has an introduction by the Rev W. K. Firminger, who also supplies copious notes. It is published under the auspices of the Calcutta Historical Society, and forms with the reprints of "Hartly House" and "Mrs. Fay's Letters from India," a notable addition to local literature.

And we, who hold awhile the Mansion fair,
May loose the hasps that bind a shuttered pane
And, flinging wide some casement to the air,
Look back along the river threaded plain.

Our chosen dormer fronts the purple East—
The hold of storied pomp—with jasper king
And palm and firefly, tusked and tawny beast,
And birds to blush the rainbow where they wing.

We see the aurioled land at noon burn high—
Untutored yet to stroke of alien sword—
Then war's wild flambeaux flare the shrieking sky
To tulwar'd strife whence comes the over-lord.

The creed crowned conflict raged with worlds as foes,
Quick to clash death so fate or fortune call ;
The West stern conqueror at the furious close—
The East lax winner by the loss of all

The story holds,—the victor trumpets blown—
The might of England wise and strong to guide
Floods the worn land with light she ne'er had known
And draws her, sister, to a harbouring side.

Strong with thought penned of time's perpetual spring
Good Books—the windows of life's Mansion high—
Are sweet like censured fumes bright singers swing
And throbbing with the pulse of destiny.

Another greets us where we glean to-day,
Rewon from clutch of time's devouring rage,—
Well garnered joins with "Hartly" and with "Fay"
To deep the spell that charms blurred history's page

Again we loose the hasp, and fling the pane,
And linger loving looking backward there—
By exiled Stanhope lost to time again .
At dormer casement of life's Mansion fair

The Journal, 14th March 1909.

AT JEHENGHIR'S HALL.

(LT.-COL. SIR WILLIAM HUTT CURZON WYLLIE, K.C.I.E., C.V.O.,
murdered, 1st July 1909.)

MURDER most foul. The music fades away
That floods Jehenghir's Hall to overflow —
A gallant throng of London-lovers gay
Streetward adown the columned stair-case go.
When out upon the laughter-laden air
Flash the wild bolts—red death is with them there.

The music moans for all the folk depart
To meet the clamour of the eager street,
And there, where flows the life of England's heart
With lordliest throb—its pulse at fullest beat,—
Wild horror leaps into a woman's eyes
"Oh, why was I not with him then?" she cries.

So quickly lift the dying and the slain
And take them hence, for now the music's fled :
Lash-drooping bear the fallen home again
And leave her lone beside her knightly dead,
Nor seek to stir the latch of sorrow's gates
While England watches where the silence waits.

Let England, watching, heed the call and feel
The East hath spoken to the West and hurled
Her message flamed from an assassin's steel
To wake the sleepful purport of her world :—
Murder most foul, when all is said and done,—
Now Manicktollah stalks in Kensington.

The Journal, 4th July 1909.

STOP THE TRAFFIC !

(MR. SURENDRA NATH BANERJEE met with a tremendous reception on his arrival at Howrah Station from England last Tuesday.)

BRING that Banner, let it flap
Proudly o'er the grey old chap :—
Toot the lute, the garland fling
For Calcutta's crownless King ;—
Blow the tabor, blow it hard,
Rouse the seething station yard,
Crowd the roof, the rail, the ridge,
Haul him horseless o'er the bridge ;—
Till he pass beyond our ken
Down the Rue de Hurry Sen.
Stop the traffic,—train and tram,—
Bande ! Bande Mataram !!
He for whom the people holler
Sailed across the *pani kala*,
Chummed about with travelled Hardie,
Strolled to Windsor's garden party.
Hand to heart and tongue to cheek
Dined with Cotton twice a week—
—Cotton—he about to be
Nottingham's retired M. P.
(What a thrill the spirit feels
When it learns that Cotton reels !)
Wag the flag and bang the brass
Let the great *tamasha* pass,—
England's silver throated charmer
Flouted flaunting Krishnavarma,—
(Bepin Babu did the same)
Said his was a wicked game,—
Told the students to eschew it,—
Thought they really shouldn't do it,—
Laid the lash about him thick,
Spoke out like a *pucca* brick—
Holler—holler—Dhurruntollah—
Manick—Talatollah—holler !!

England's honour, England's name
 Foiled and soiled and fooled to shame ;—
 Hark the shots of Alipore
 Verberate down the corridor.—
 Arabindo smiling there
 Silent in the blatant square.
 Lo, the eyes that look to Light
 Blinded by dark faction's fight,—
 And white-handed Justice meet
 Palsied in the judgment seat.
 Lo, the loop awaiting still
 Morn in solemn Pentonville,—
 And those lives beyond recall
 Blood ripped in Jehangir's Hall.
 Stop the traffic, train and tram—
Bande, Bande Mataram !

The Journal, 16th August 1909.

THE CITY'S BIRTHDAY.

" On Saturday, August 24th, 1690, was made the ' Mid-day Halt ' of Charnock "
— (Firminger's Guide to Calcutta)

HE looked along the level flood
 A-toss to swell the Bay,
 And knew the ample flow as good
 For England's need that day :—
 No tyrant havoc'd northward far,—
 To sun-rise desert wide,—
 To south the silt-piled shallow bar,—
 In front the yellow tide.
 " A halt, a halt ! " cried Charnock bold—
 " The noon is all aflame, "—
 " Fling forth the Flag of England old "
 " In royal William's name ! "

The Sabbath noon burned full to light
The silken folds that flew
To warn a world of England's might
And heart the land anew.
From fested haunt and godded fane
The brown folk eager pressed
To scan the leaguers from the main—
The users from the west
“A halt, a halt, — the noon is gay,”—
“Where rides the stream at-best!”—
Cried Charnock of the jerkin grey—
“To Mary leave the rest!”

The halt well made, the guide rope sped
To loose the Flag to breeze,
And those there were who bowed the head
And those who bent the knees,—
When out upon the Sabbath air
The cry rose full and free
To Him the help in times that were
The hope for years to be.
While clear along a palm-set line
To Suttanatti's strand
Droned the gold gong of Kali's shrine
To hark the heedless land.

The grudging dusk hid palm and shrine
In night's bewildered fold,
Where still the stars illumed the sign
Of England's sway unrolled.
Ranged fringing lights in amber fret
Merged loud *bazar* and *hât*
With minaret and parapet
And mugger guarded *ghât*.
And some were 'tent to seek and slay,
And some were fain to spare:—
“Good lack!” quoth Charnock where he lay—
“How tongues be wagging here!”

Forgot Hijili's island hell,
 'Lubarias' fevered round,
 The hide girt trader wrought him well
 To lay the city bound.
 The sword smites clean in England's cause,
 The trowel for England rings
 As true a note for Church and Laws
 As blade for warrior Kings.
 "A sword, a sword, an fate may will"
 "For my good merchant-men!"
 Cried Charnock of the wayward quill—
 "—A sword, a spade, a pen!"
 Now all the craft of all the coasts
 Come bellowing up the Bay,
 And every pursed armada boasts
 Its traffickers to-day.
 Where Dane and Dutch and Frank bid high
 To woo the land at ease
 The Wonder-flag patrols the sky
 And sentinels the seas.
 "A halt, a halt," sang Charnock bold
 "Pack bale and speed the wain!"
 And Kali's burnished gong of gold
 Droned to the traders' strain.
 Stout Charnock sleeps in Johnian shade
 Beside his gem-decked bride,
 And William's walls the users laid
 Are towered along the tide.
 But still the Wonder-banner spread
 From Wellesley's masted pile
 Recalls our tale of gallant dead—
 Sons of a wind-swept isle,—
 Great hearted ones of England's breed
 They held the East in fee
 Through Him our help in hour of need
 Our hope for years to be.

The Journal, 29th August 1909.

LUCKNOW REVISITED.

12th September, 1909.

LOOK at it halyarded yonder, Flag of the foam and the breeze,
Taut to the toil of the tempest, suave to the laxing of laws,
Will the great chested Lord of the Jungle for ever be fondled at
ease,—

Will he coo as a dove to the bidding where goeth a wind with his
paws?

Consider the seatings of promise and think to the things that be
deep—

He ruleth who never divideth, self-captained at head and at heart ;—
The Tiger is sib to the waiting, quick fashioned at crouch to the
leap ;—

Who ruleth hath hand to the reining but counteth the cost at the
start.

Wide slope the lawns to meet the stream past crystal sandrift borne,—

The peacock struts the bastioned hold with bossed empurpled wing,
Bright daubed the kine that hoof the turf and toss the shining horn

In Lucknow of the storied past—wide Lucknow of the king.

The casual street a-shrill with throb of life's unfettered flow

Is gay with pomp of cavalcade and horse with scarlet sell,
And piled the stacked *bazar* and cool the blind seraglio

In Lucknow of the crumbled wall that knows the English well.

By twos and threes the camels pad at humped and hooded pace,

And where the Chutter Munzil gleams beside the water-way
Peep curtained girls in *ekkad* state with jewelled and saffroned face

Who laugh to learn the world is well in Lucknow of to-day.

The brave sleep deep by fosse and post that mark the gardened ways,

Their sheltered mounds lie trellised bright along the rampart sides
And green redan to England dear, calm links with sterner days,—

While still from shell-raked turret top the English pennant rides.

Here Neill, the rescue bringer, fell, thence Havelock went to die,—

There Lawrence lies, his silvered head laid low at duty's call,—

Here sweeping through the battled din in tumult clattered by

The sloganed wild red Highlanders—the bravest of them all.

Still floats the Flag of England's hold on Kaisar Bagh and glade,
And mosque and fane are circled by with grey *zanana* barred
And still we hear the thunder-crash of shattering palisade
As hell's swart sappers furious press the broken Baillie Guard.

Great heritage of England's race, the tale is never dead,
We know, we feel, we live the strife that proved our manhood's
night,—
God grant the grace to read the sign and bow the reverent head—
Then blade to hand with girded loin look forth to front the night.

The Journal, 19th September 1909.

SHADOWLAND.

Macaulay's House in Chowringhee has been demolished to make way for the new Bengal Club.

THE pick and spade and axe had rung the wide verandah's fall,
And wailed the barren roof-beam and the passing of the wall.
And where the good white house stood four square to wind and rain
An ill ribbed palace glittered with moon-lit window-pane.
And all the trees were harried, and all the garden bare :—
What fret men, masters of a noon, for gracious things that were ?

He climbed where lodge the eagles—the Shade of gentle mien—
To where the cornice, lion ledged, juts out to front the green.
The night rack piled to stream-ward in ragged brown display
Above Clive's bastion, purple dull, in starless grey array :—
The home he loved all ravaged, the roof-tree rent and banned—
He, silent bowed a stately head and passed to Shadowland.

Then came a cloud procession as lit by torch and brand,—
Then glowed the forted sky alive with links with Shadowland.
There whirled the vats of Luna in must of froth and foam
Round the white feet of child and girl whose sires had marched to Rome.
And there steel harnessed Lartius, his Ramnian blood full free,
Took stride to bold Horatius' side to make the dauntless Three.

Away the dark grey charger spurred pass with hoof of wind
For gated Tusculum and home—and he left the wolves behind :
What time black Auster bent him, grief broken mid the fray,
Where dead upon Herminius dead the youngest Tarquin lay.
Slain maid, and rocking forum, the curule chair a-slip
And Volero the flesher—a cleaver in his grip.

The old men weeping fondly as Rhea's boys went by,
The winding triumph, wonderous, swept to Jovian fane on high.
The ordered aisles of conquest where, flashed to near and far,
White plumed between the legions tossed the helmet of Navarre.
The twelve woke counties scanning lone Malvern's burning crest,
Green Richmond's crowning ridge of flame, and London's startled rest,—
Then Naseby's royal clamour a-down the charging line—
“For Charles and Church !” “for King and Laws and Rupert of
the Rhine !”

* * * * *

Though broke our embered hearthstone. Though fate's wild Tiber flow
In crueller flood than Arno and in sterner flood than Po.
Though stiff with cracking thunder the bolts of Jove may fall—
And all the Volscian hordes of hell come crowding o'er the wall.
Though all the ways be darkenned, and all the guides be blind,
We'll make pearl-gated Tusculum and we'll leave the wolves behind
No sparrow falls unheeded, no levins loose unplanned,
The gods be there, we too will glide glad Shades to Shadowland.

The Journal, 17th October 1909.

THE "CHAPEL AT THE BAY."*

"The Old Cathedral of St. John, with the twitter of birds from its eaves at sunrise, and the moving shadow of its steeple and chime of hours throughout the glaring day. Tropical trees in their unchanging greenness keep watch over all."—SIR W. W. HUNTER.

(From the title-page of the new illustrated Handbook to St. John's Church, Calcutta, by MR. E. W. MADGE and MR. K. N. DHAR, M.A.)

STILL call the *mynas*, nest to nest,
To wake the wing-mates of the morn,
Where lie the living dead at rest
Along the old Cathedral lawn.

Forgot the storm of sack and shame,
The smoke that veiled HIS wrath to man,
When, clamorous loud, from shroud of flame
Clanged the wild bell-cote of St. Anne.

Great Clive had crimsoned Plassey's sod,
Dead Watsen laid his cutlass down,
E'er man had heed of thought to God
By the smote fortress in the town.

A fair white Chapel at the Bay
Green girdled flings its chimes aloft
To anthem HIM, as in the day
Of Bellamy and Mapletoft.

While round the steeple-shadows roam,
Noon in, noon out, come grey, come glare,
To kiss Speke's urn or Charnock's dome,
And tell the drift of times that were.

The creeping shadows' pointing fall,
The bells that woke the tropic bough,
The glare that stabbed the good white wall
Are calling, calling, calling, now

* The present St. John's Church, Calcutta, dates from Warren Hastings' time. There were, however, previous places of worship which some of the personages mentioned may or may not have attended in their day. "Girl Verlée" was a Roman Catholic.

They bid the town to watch and pray,
They din the day when all must pass
The wan, momentous, valley way
Of spluttering torch and sandless glass.

But as the birds, melodious, raise
A livelier chant in jangled strain,
We catch the laughter of the days
When Warren wrought in Marian's reign—

When *palankeened* Sophia went
'Neath *kittysan* to church to pray,
Or whiff the soft Assyrian scent
Kerchiefed of turban-trimming Fay.

Meet Tulloh, mad at painted lies,
Hooped Verlée in her cloud of hair,—
Girl Verlée with the violet eyes,—
And Zoffany and blonde Blaquiére.

And praise the tossing plumes that grace
The Sanderson's be-powered curls ;
Greet Weston, coifed, of clerkly face ;
Mark Moira's massed masonic pearls.

We watch the Begam's ample spread
Of yellowing charm at porch alight ;
Scan dainty Pringle's tripping tread,
Or winsome Aylmer's flounces white.

Then with Cornwallis stride the aisle,
While of King George the chancel peals ;
Or note the sun a halo smile
For marble Heber where he kneels.

The leaded slabs in silence call
To fort and mart, to mart and fort,
The chiselled glories of the wall,
The cool verandah's pillared court.

All eloquent, who runs may read,—
 “The dead live on—the quick decay—”
The *Páthár Gíirja's* altar creed
 Cried from the Chapel at the Bay.
Still pipes the bird of silken breast,
 Still crawls the night from dusk to dawn,
Where waits the white Cathedral dressed
 In verdure by the levelled lawn.

The Journal, 14th November 1909.

THROWN OUT.

(*With the usual apologies.*)

YESTERDAY.

THE Budget blazes nightly where the Woolsack fronts the Throne,
 While the House is sitting on it (on the Budget not the Sack),
And the “little Welsh attorney’s” effervescing on his own—
 Since his *jhat bhais* have a notion that the Budget will come back.
For the Bill has lost its semblance, and the Peers are wide awake,
 We are sick of endless wrangle that should make an angel weep;—
Give us back the old indifference to the turn that things may take—
 Give us back a gilded Chamber where the Lords are fast asleep.

TO-DAY.

Thrown out! The news is sweeping in tornado down the Strand,
 From Aber-r-deen to Sligo, and from Bermondsey to Brum.—
And Redmond’s waving wildly a shillelah out of hand
 While Stead and Hardie palpitate to cavort round the scrum.
Oh the boasters, and the posters, and the windy wagging bladders,—
 The pensive tarradiddles and accusable excuse,—
With the halting acrobatics of the “Daily Graphic” ladders,—
 In dear distracted England now the Great Unwashed is loose.

TO-MORROW.

To each town the Ballot’s calling to elucidate its will,
 And it’s likewise escapading round the cities and the shires:
And there’s Winston at the mill-side and the Welshman at it still,
 And my heart is sick for England, for an England that perspires.

For the "Tariff" altogether is a most perplexing dizziness,—

And the women's "Votes for Women" badly complicates the row,
And the Bishops should be tutored not to interrupt the business ;—

Oh, don't talk to me of England for they're mad in England now.

The Journal, 5th December 1909.

WESTMINSTER.*

UP, where the shallows of Thorney Isle

Lapped at the ford by the flood,

Ever and ever the old grey Pile

Calls to the men of the blood ;—

Fashioned one with our England's kind,

Altar'd one with her creed,

Kin to her welter of wave and of wind—

One with the sons of the breed.

Wove of the world where the shadows ply

Here in the dun of the days ;

Wove of the blue of the zenith'd sky—

For the laddered quire of the Lord came by

And Edric knew when the way went dry

The Stranger pass in the haze.

Out from the rushes of Thorney ford

(Oh the tapers drooped on the pavement sand !)

Coigned and odoured, and stalled for laud—

The Minster grew with the land :—

Up from the reeds of the wanded fen

Ever the calling Pile holds place

First in the heart of the Englishmen,—

Twin with the realm and the race.

The Englishman, 6th December 1909.

* From a review of Mr. Francis Bond's "Westminster Abbey."

YULE.

ROME compelling, Herod binding,—
To the town the people came,
Tribute bringing, shelter finding,—
All the world in Cæsar's name.
High above the inn's abiding
Swung the Star from purple sky
Where the Child in meek confiding
Knew the mother bending by.

Wise, and warned in dream, bestowing
Myrrh and frankincense and gold
Seekers from the Satrap bowing
Kneeled beside the oxen-fold.
Cresset lit, the herders keeping
Safe the hurdled flock in bar
Saw the Lord's battalions sweeping—
Plumaged glorious from the Star.

(Casket-gem with spice o'erladen,—
Hovering quire on lustrous wing,—
Mangered Child and bending maiden,—
Still we hear the Angels sing.)
All unguessed a world's upraising,
All unfolded fears to come,
All unrecked the Griever gazing
Sad for lost Capernaum ;—

Blasted fig-tree, sapless, wasting,—
Firkinned water wine enwrought,—
Startled thieves and changers hasting
Whipped from forth the Temple court.
Fearful, lake-tossed, sailors keeping
Watch beside the One asleep,—
Snouted herd in headlong leaping
Down the Galileean steep.

Olivet and gardened kneeling,—
Anguished brow with sweat besprent,
City street, red-rodged, reeling
And the fanéd *purdha* rent.
Crowd in marble darkness groping,
Noon, as night, a brooding pall,
And the dreadful crosses sloping
Out beyond the gated wall.

Heaven's high veil's melodious rifting
Lets the glow of worlds afar—
Lo, the oxen softly lifting
Dappled brow to greet the Star,—
Lo, the pinioned host descending
Hoisted white on burnished wing,—
Smiling Child and mother bending
Pointing where the Angels sing.

The Journal, 26th December 1909.

A BOOK OF THE ENGLISH.

THIS is a book of the English writ
Of a high flushed dawn by a palm lined stream,
Legended valour and greed and wit,
Grace and folly and glamour knit
In a wonder-web, when the fire-flies flit
In the dusk of a twilight dream.

A hard brave book of the English bold
Of the northman here at the pale flood-side,
Lord of the ledger and sabre cold,
The kingly one in a land all gold ;—
And this is a part of the tale he told
In the town where the English died.

These are the dames to the English dear
In the tear-stained town of their vanished spell,
False or fallen or insincere,
Strong or tender, but close and clear
To the back flung glance on their lost loves here
In the place where they queened or fell.

And this is the town of the English made,
Seiged and sacked when the years were few,—
Where the grey ghost host of the great parade
Down the streeted ways in a cavalcade
Pounce-box, buckle, and belted blade,
Lace and lacquer and silk brocade,
To the muffled lilt of a serenade
On a night when a moon is new.

[From *Calcutta Faces and Places, in Pre-camera Days*. Compiled for the Calcutta Historical Society by Wilmot Corfield and dedicated, by permission, to Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, C. I.]

January 1910.

MILLAIS DEAD.

(*Painter of Newman, Tennyson, and Gladstone.*)

BUT yesterday the men of English mould
Knew voices three to call the peoples' way,
The course to clear, the battlements to hold,
And all are hushed to-day.

The crystal singer to a golden lyre,
The clarion helmsman of the eagle glance,
They flamed our loftiest movements to inspire
And heart the land's advance.

Then he, the saint, to vesper songs asound
Lay prone where ends the incense haunted aisle
The crag, the fen, the torrent passed and found
The angel faces he had lost awhile.

While he, their limner for the years unborn,
Shares with the three the "Order of Release"—
In "Vale of Rest" at glowing "Dream of Dawn"
Where all the ways are His white paths of Peace.
[From a review of J. E. Reid's "Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A."]
The Englishman, 3rd January 1910.

JUTE.

SCOTS wha hae who've Wallace read—
Scots wham "Max" hath aften led—
Wellcome, Barnagorey bred
Or fra' auld Dundee.

Noos the day an' noos the hour,
Lakhs an' lakhs of spindle power—
Jute's awa' an' winna lower—
(Coal is up a tree.)

Bailer carle or broker brave
Wha the chiel who dinna crave
Ilka siller braw to save—
Muckle guid rupee?

Wee bit buk,—so ca' your frien's—
Bonnie buk oor Wallace sends,—
David ends wi' davidends—
Buy for ane rupee.

Lay the looms an' let 'em go
Backwards forrards to an' fro,—
Deevidends in every row,—
Jute is £ s. d. !

[From a review of "The Romance of Jute" by Mr. David R. Wallace.]
The Englishman, 3rd January 1910.

BY THE RED TANK.

A LATE noon of the dying year and street-ward in barbaric state
Unto St. Andrew's sliding gate the Buddh came riding down
the Square

To din of disc's discordant row and beat of drum-dressed nilghau hide,
With pennons flanking either side,—Gautama of the glowing brow.

To sitars' twitch and drone of fife we cleave to shadows, dwell on
dross—

Though all the while the Helpers cross our pathway—they at one
with Life.

He sat with light-lit lidless look, benign in frame of sandal wood,—
The corner where the Court House stood with golden lifted palm he
took.

To lusts which let to woe we cling and ache the chill grey years away
Nor heed the skies of yesterday blue sapphire spread in endless spring.

A rail-tied car on level line,—a wonder thing of gliding awe—
By Buddha speeding freighted bore a Hindu throng to Kali's shrine.

The Buddha of the Way of Peace, the great Tathagato went by
And monks in yellow robe held high his canopy in silken crease.

Rose-odoured son of pangless birth born by in painted palanquin,
Dream-child of spotless Maya, queen, four regented from cornered
earth.

A mounted sergeant moved along to lead the bright procession's van,
Red-hatted, a Mohamedan whipped in behind the straggling throng.

(The horsemen of Khumbhandas ride with azure shields on steeds of
blue—

With burnished shields of coral hue on blood red steeds the Nagas
stride.)

And so the Buddha, Lamp of light, the conquering Teacher, strong in
grace,

The Blessed One of shining face, passed pageanted with England's
might.

* Verses suggested by a Buddhist Procession met in Dalhousie Square near
St. Andrew's Church.

Old passions wax, true pleasures rust, the salt tears vex the time
stained years,
On tottering staff we hug the fears the self-mocked Prince Siddartha
lost.

Gautama, or sweet Mary's Son, or white-domed Mecca's sworded Sage
Live on, the high soul's heritage and urge to heights as still unwon.

To-day as yet is called to-day. The year is dead—let live the year,
The gods are there, the gods are here,—the Shining Ones still pass
this way.

The figured dial the lesson gives where Clive's banked waters ripple
red—

Most Pitful, the Buddh is led to refuge where the Silence lives—
To linger by the lotus pools and wipe the lids of them that weep,
And fold the hands of those asleep, and merge the creeds of all the
schools.

The Journal, 23rd January 1910.

“THE GREAT EXPERIMENT” OR WATCHING THE WALL. *

(With the usual apologies.)

A LAND there was and it made its prayer
(Mention it? No, not I)

To a bomb and a bang, or a phantom scare—
For Order and Law it had little a care,—
A fevered land, though I won't say where—
(You'll think of it by and by.)

Oh the things we do when the world's askew
(Strictly 'twixt you and me)

We loosen the curb and we lengthen the rein,
And we call it “reform” so we slumber again—
Watching the wall to a snored refrain—
(Danger? there's nought to see!)

* See the *Englishman* of 26th January, 1910, with “Dak's” report of the first meeting of the new Imperial Legislative reformed Council in Government House, Calcutta,—“A Great Historic occasion.”

The land was sore when its aim was met,
 (Nobody could say why)
It couldn't, or wouldn't, or didn't forget
Its grievance gone,—so its not gone yet.
Oh, the cry "Give—Give!"—to our rest's regret—
 Do toss it the moon in the sky !

So the land's aprance, for it has its chance—
 (Even with you and I)
For a run in the dark and a big blind leap.—
Will it fall on the rails in a hopeless heap ?
(Though that wouldn't matter so long as we sleep—
 Evenly,—you and I.)

Oh, the pace we've plod and the track we've trod
In the wonderful work to hand—
On the roll of a rock to a doubtful end—
A forward roll with a backward trend,
On behalf of a land we would like to befriend
 We know it—and understand.

The Journal, 30th January 1910.

JOLLY LUCKY.

I'VE often thought when I have seen
 Some screeded scrawl of mild historian
How very nice it must have been
 To be a mannered mid-Victorian.

When Thackeray, of cynic views,
 Blue-pencilled for each proud "Cornhillian,"
And Gilbert in the "London News"
 Blazed bright in plates of brave vermillion.

While "Mr. Punch" in mammoth days
 Woke Leech and Doyle to fun and fancy
And Tennyson lurched loud in lays
 And Dickens told of Sikes and Nancy.

And Jenny sang and Millais flashed
With Landseer dogging, deering, staggering,
And first sublime "Elijah" crashed
When Mendelssohn came bâton wagging.

Those were the times in which to know
Clocks (old ones) on the stair talk clever,
While on the Reef of Norman's Woe
The "Hesperus" went *phut* for ever.

Our mothers, mitten'd meek, and muffed
Took all these comforts quiet and queenly ;
Our fathers, whiskered, fobbed and snuffed
Did ditto, pompous, quite serenely.

I wonder if it ever struck
Each blushing belle and bashful bucky
They'd lighted on unusual luck—
In fact that thëy were jolly lucky.

And if they ever had the sense,
When out of whim some wag addressed them,
To own a smiling Providence
Had been and gone and over-blessed them.

And yet there are redeeming fac's
To set before our judgment's Daniel—
They never had a matchless "Max"—
They never heard of George Nathaniel.

[From a review of "Thackeray." Edited by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.]

The Englishman, 28th February 1910.

SUGAR.

"The screw ought to have been applied very gently, and assistance sought from imported sugar." The Englishman, 5th March 1910.

WHEN the world is awry and the sea and the sky
Indulge in unseemly deflection,
When Ambans are out and there're Lamas about
In a state of decided dejection.
When things are askew from Lhasa to Kew
And comets are prowling capacious—
Then Sugar's the balm to exorcise alarm
The tonic not unefficacious.

When the fat's in the fire and the land's in the mire
And struck in a deadlock political,
While statuses (quo) are upset in a row
By crises crowding and critical.
Then Sugar's the best for relief of unrest
And to set the machinery bobbing—
Let Balfour but smile on Lloyd George for awhile
And they'll both be with friendliness throbbing.

When Budgets abound with a murmurous sound
Of finances knotted in kinkses,
In the house on the ridge close to Westminster Bridge
Or in that fronting Thacker Espinkses',—
Then Sugar's the stuff (if you've only enough)
To evolute order instanter,
To brighten the eye of a grateful Sir Guy
And put brokers right in a canter.

That the screw ought to glide if but gently applied
With Sugar to soften the rasping
Is true everyday, in a general way,—
It stands in no need of perhapsing.

You may get all you want (but you otherwise can't)
If you don't try to bustle or buzz it—
The "suaviter" works, but the "fortiter" jerks—
It's the Sugar, the Sugar, that does it.
The Journal, 6th March 1910.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY*

The Rt. Hon. GILBERT JOHN ELLIOT-MURRAY-KYNNYMOND, Earl of MINTO, P.C.
G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., G.C.M.G., Viceroy & Governor-General of India.

YOU are leaving us, your Lordship, for the mountain and the snow,
We have liked you for your strenuous urbanity.
Here's luck to you, on leaving, just to cheer you as you go
From our little topsy-turveydom of vanity.
You are going from Calcutta, disappearing from our view,
You are going, going, going, now you've been and battled through,
You have stuck to place and plodding
We have never known you nodding,
And you've left the talk to others which was what you ought to do.
So here's luck to you, your Lordship, and a lot of it,
Our heart is going with you (what we've got of it)—
You've a way of wearing through it,
And a will to go and do it.
And, of pluck and perseverance, quite a pot of it.
There were times we couldn't follow what we thought your lack of
nerve,
In negotiating corners with placidity,
But you didn't lift an eyebrow when you glided round a curve
With a fist on things unhampered by timidity.
When we wanted you to fluster you were thinking, thinking, thinking,
You were working, working, working, when we thought that you were
blinking,
You didn't do no muffling,
But the way you knocked the stuffing
Out of treason's tarradiddles was particularly clinking.

* At the time these verses were published it was thought His Excellency would not return to Calcutta after his closing Season at Simla.

You've seen your road before you and you've known it,
All along when others didn't, and we own it,

It was you who tutored Morley,
When the world was wagging sorely,
It was you who gripped sedition and you've thrown it.

You are leaving and we like you, and we won't forget you now,
You have stood your ground, in silence, with rigidity.

You never shirked a duty or a danger any how
And you stood up to your business with avidity !
You have buttressed up traditions of the office you have graced
When they needed to be bolstered pretty badly

So we'll whip round for a statue on our village green enfaced
With "MINTO," and with other data, gladly.
Here's health to you on leaving for the mountain and the snow,
To the Statesman and his Lady, whom we honour, love, and know.

Now you're off across the waters,
To rejoin your charming daughters,
All our hearts are going with you, going with you, as you go.

The Empire, 30th March 1910.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE King is dead ! "The King is dead !" they cry.
And all the world in one white grief is prone—
The Reaper swept with bended sickle by
And named the King, earth's lordliest life his own,—
"The King is dead !" "The King is dead !" we moan.

Across the wave, out of the night it flies,—
The swift sharp horror of this speedy thing ;
The light is darkness and the music dies,
While angels silent brood with hovering wing
Where sleeps in palaced peace our Lord the King.

Our Lord the King has fallen on a sleep,
He does but sleep awhile and he will wake,
Across the stillness driving shadows creep
And each with each in sorrowing empty ache
Through the grey mist our startled way we take.

On her we think, his consort, England's Queen,
The sea-King's daughter of the laureate's praise,
The sweetest Queen of all that e'er have been,
And then for him the heart-whole prayer we raise,
"God save the King and lend him length of days!"

The Journal, 8th May 1910.

A GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND!

THE balcony is purple draped, in velvet clad at ease
The trumpeters are marshalled close beneath the lilac trees,
For Edward, King, is sleeping well within the palace dark.—
"A George, A George for England!" swells in fanfare through the Park.

The Herald of St. James' to London came in state,
The Herald of St. James' stood at the Temple Gate,
The Herald of St. James' flashed flaming down the Strand
To halt where glared the Dragon isled, a clarion in his hand.

A silken cord of crimson held his charger white at pause,
A silken cord of crimson told of London and her laws;
Though all the Kings of all the days shall range from near and far
Not one shall ride in regal pride unchecked at Temple Bar.

"Ho, good men of the city! Ho, seneschals of ward!
A King sends riders here to-day with trumpet and with sword;
Up with the bridge, shut to the gate, and clang the town's alarms,
"A George, A George!" And who is he? Speak, Norroy King at
Arms!

Rouge Dragon stiff with cloth of gold came spurring on apace,
Rouge Croix, Portcullis, heavy both with gleam of fur and lace
And Garter King at Arms full fain to 'claim their liege and lord
All up and down in London town halt at the crimson cord.

"Ho burghers of the city, stand by, with pike at rest.
Whence come these gallant gentlemen down riding from the west?
These blazoned Knights, and valiant steeds with sells of scarlet gay
All coated fair with plume a-toss and fanfaron to-day?"

Thus spake the city Sheriff, a goodly wight I ween,
By where the Bar had stood of old a scarlet cord between,
And all on high the Dragon ramped with steeled and stony stare
Where chafed the heralds of a King at *parole* a pricking there.

Then thus to him, Blue Mantle with stern but gentle mien,
"Proclaim we GEORGE, our monarch, the grandson of our Queen,
For Edward, King, the Good, is dead, within his palace brave!
A George, A George for England," Sir, your courtesie we crave!

Then carronaders spake the King where far to east there stands
The old white Tower of Norman build to guard the English lands,
And down the Fleet, and up the hill, by Paul's, along the Chepe
"A George, A George for England!" rolled in torrent loud and deep.

Ho, snap the cord vermilion slight beneath the Griffin there,
And bid the pursuivants speed fast through all the city fair,
And fling the Lion Standard wide to every loitering breeze
"A George, A George for London Town and Sons beyond the Seas!"

Thus London took the tidings high, and lowered unsullied crest,
To them, the gallant gentlemen, forth riding from the west,
The Herald of St. James' has hied him back elate
To tell the King of London Town and that flung city gate.

The crimson cord is shattered and the silken bar is broke;
"God guard the King!" is sounding wide above the salvoe smoke;
Good Edward, King, is sleeping well, beneath the Chapel grey;—
"A George for Merrie England and for London Town to-day!"

The Journal, 5th June 1910.

TO HALLEY'S COMET.

O flame far flung as a sworded dream
In brandished tresses of golden gleam,
A-stab to the path where the stars go by
At the awful 'hest of the Lord Most High—
You came, but whence, at the heel of Time?
You go, but where, on a quest sublime?
Through the ordered maze of a terrible track—
O, what of the world when you next come back?

Out to the night and its seekless space,
Or the azure day, at a measured pace,
Where the wild winds womb, and the stiff storms keep,
And the planets heave in a leisured sleep,
By moons that wane to the ice floes stark—
And the great hail leaping to kiss the dark.

Your course was set and we held you near
E'er the first flashed flare of your sky thrust-spear,
For man, wise read in the lore of fate,
Set watch at the thresh of the world's wide gate—
For the blazoned blade with the crystal clasp,—
For the gloried haft in an angel's grasp.

You saw the shame of the Cæsar dead
While the Ides were fleeting but yet unsped—
Saw Harold, chief, with a shattered crown
Blind, gripping the green of the Sussex down—
Heard the wail of a wife to a heedless sky
When the Norman archers' aim went high.

You ranged the road of the milk white way
When chestnuts flamed in an English May,
And the fair drawn face of a widowed Queen
Blanched pale at the glance of your gaze serene,
While the lands stood still, at the grief world spread—
“Edward of England is dead—is dead!”

Mayhap you looked on a garden bright,
On olives, dew-dipped, in morning light,
On an open rock with a Shining Pair
And a woman kneeling and peering there.
Did *you* waken the ward e'er the hour was grey
Did *you* loosen the stone that was rolled away ?

Eye hath not seen where your rovings reach,
Ear may not list to a wave beat beach,
The heart thinks not on the things that be
By that mighty marge of a burnished sea,
On the mansions many to either hand
Of the Father's house in a sinless land.

Why have you come from the void's grey fret
All sheathless gold in a star spread net,
With yellow tresses tossed braided, strewn
Astray to the night of a spangled moon,
To sprinkle the heights with the star dust frail
And sweep the sky with a varnished flail ?

Good speed, O star, as you sink from sight
His 'hest is high, but his burden light,
Who sets our course in His wisdom planned
Holds man and star in a hollowed hand—
You came, but whence, from the birth of days ?
You pass, but whither a wingless haze ?
Fair brandished Comet with aureate mane
O, where shall we meet when we meet again.

The Journal, 19th June 1910.

THE RAMPARTS OF EMPIRE.

OUR English Alfred's galleys, manned with thirty oar in twain,
All oaken prowed, rewon the land brew blooded from the Dane,—
He hung their shields of hammered gold to deck a rush-strewn home—
Grim guardian of waved England old, high warden of the foam.

John held a fleet where Portsmouth lifts, to south the wind-kissed isle,
And broke the French at Damme with shifts of give and take awhile
And Henry by Harfleur did well, the Frenchmen sailed away—
Brave Huntingdon our admiral, all on Saint James' Day.

Spain's Philip, King, was forced to stoop his gallants to the breeze
And vail his bonnets to the poop when riding England's seas,
Those narrow seas to England's gain, hers now, as hers the day.
When Howard for the Queen of Spain made escort through the Bay.

Great Bess to Queen, we rid the main that laps our island crags
Of Spanish Don with cross and chain and slit his flag to rags,—
Drake, Essex, Frobisher high wrought to sweep the Channel wave
Full free of Spanish Pope and taught Britannia breeds no slave.

Blake put to sea the English ranged seawolves along the deep
For Oliver and England fanged, our island shores to keep,—
And Blake at Tunis smote the fort, and crowned his latest cruise
By death, his England last in thought with smoking Santa Cruz.

Stout Anson helmed a fleet in force a-sail around the Horn,
And harried all the Dons to loss and wish they were not born,—
And then the Nile flamed red to view at rise of Nelson's star
And Europe wide our England knew at fateful Trafalgar.

And still along the level brine her steel walled galleons glide
In royal resistless battle line to sentinel the tide,—
To shutter Nippon's yellow seas, or Teuton menace meet
So need arise, for England's ease, death belching, fleet to fleet.

They use, these fortified friends of right with freedom's flag unfurled,
Red tongued to mouth an Empire's might coast-wise across the world,
With Alfred, Lord, we smote the Dane, and still this stave we sing—
Come world in arms, come all again for George is England's King!

[From a Review of "The Ramparts of Empire." By Mr. Frank Fox.]

The Englishman, 20th June 1910.

MISSING.*

HE broke the ships of Tarshish at the dawn of days that be

In the shallows drifting furtive on the wind-bit midmost sea,
And He loosed a waste of waters in the storm of his desire
On the opalled craft of Ophir and the purple prows of Tyre.

Oh, the tin-stuffed keels of Tarshish broke coastwise 'fore the gale !

Oh, the masted might of Sidon blushing crimson on her sail !

When sea-floors heave and havoc and the star of night is blind
Then He walks upon the billow in the birthworld of the wind,
While the shafted levin harken to the rage of His command
And the sea wise rocks are riven in the hollow of His hand.

Oh, the tideless gulf a-wailing by the white walled city dead !

Oh, the Bab-el-Mandeb weeping for the tears she may not shed !

We scan the wan horizon still for sick at soul are we
By reason of the secret in the fastness of the sea,
And we speed the swift sea-rovers in the pathways of the main
On the quest of fearful seeking through the waterways of pain.

Oh, the weeping, waiting watchers on the silence of the west !

Oh, the prayers that rise unbidden from the hearts that cannot
rest !

He broke the ships of Tarshish, and He breaks the ships we know,
That ply, sea-traders of to-day, winged shuttles to and fro ;
He plants his footsteps on the deep, His business all to find,
His minister the crested wave, His messenger the wind.

Oh, the shallop ships of Tarshish in the morn of things that be !

Oh, the silent secret woven of the users on the sea !

The ages moan behind us from the starting of the days
When the shattered ships of Tarshish sank to silence in the haze ;
Lost the traffickers of Ophir, dead Sidon's merchant might,
But still the ships go passing all in peril through the night.

O listen Lord, great watered, to them that cry to thee—

To the weeping watcher waiting on the secret of the sea !

* (The passenger S.S. "Trieste" outward bound for Bombay was reported missing for many days. She was ultimately rescued in a disabled state far out at sea and brought into port by the S.S. "Lowther Range.")

FOUND.

HE spake a Peace and softly was come to naught the gale,
Serene the sun of safety smiled shining on her sail.
Hoved help from hailing furrow, undulled the nightly star—
Her conquering keel crawls kingdom'd within the harbour bar.
O Lord, to Thee the glory, for sore afraid were we
Who heard the weepers waiting on the masked and murmurous
sea !

The Journal, 3rd July, 1910.

THE VIGIL. *

PROUD sons of England, sires of England's sword,
Ere yet they donned the spurs of gold for fray
Naked a night before an altar'd Lord
Sware fealty in an earlier knightlier day.
He who the throne of purple East would fill
Unseen may seek at God's high wisdom'd feet,
Right tuned at heart, His purpose high to will,
Selfless to kneel at Heaven's white mercy seat—
Thus strengthen'd rise for service all complete.

The Journal, 10th July 1910.

THE RIDDLE OF THE WEEK.

MY first the goose-wing yields, or fold the sheep ;
My second wooded haunt where pheasants sleep.
My whole fronts rule that taxed brave Hastings' skill
And broke steel-stubborn Clive's great hearted will.

(ANSWER "Penshurst.")

The Journal, 10th July 1910.

* "Sir Charles Hardinge, who has been created a Baron of the United Kingdom, is likely to take the title of Penshurst from the name of the Parish near Tonbridge, in Kent, in which South Park, the seat of Viscount Hardinge, is situated."—*The Englishman*.

WHEN DOLLY DANCED.

WHEN Dolly danced gay tulips bent
Now to, now fro, they nodding went,
Grey orchids gashed with crimson scars
In tendrils clinging caught the stars—
When Dolly danced.

Came radiance of a moonlit night,
To mocking moan of elf and sprite,
Ripe rain fell in a gladed park
And crystal arrows forked the dark—
When Dolly danced.

The mad Spring burst in chance and dream,
For strange bright bird by silver stream,—
Came stir in Pain lest Bliss should fret,
Comme au hasard to "Casse-Noisette."—
When Dolly danced.

Winds, wild in folly, lashed the foam
And kissed to green the fallow loam,
A throistle thrilled the limpid skies
When Dolly of the shining eyes—
When Dolly danced.

Her chiffon'd skirts, and silken hose
Swirled samite as a great white rose,
Her ribbon blue from golden tress
Slid loosing all in loveliness—
When Dolly danced.

Dear Dolly, of th' uncoiling hair,—
Dear dancer to the heart's ensnare!—
The levins lit the thunder gloom
For Dolly dancing to her doom—
When Dolly danced.

[From a Review of "Downward." By Mrs. Maud Cherton Braby.]

The Englishman, 11th July 1910.

THE LILAC AISLE.

*A WOMAN with a perfect face,
A song at sunset and a smile,
And we must wait the good God's grace
A little while, a little while !*

*The face is hid, oh, I was blind,
The song is lost, and so are you,
We sow in tears to reap the wind—
A year or two, a year or two !*

*The river met the morning there
And did she feel her cheeks aglow ?
You knew, you know how fair you were.
'Twas ever so, 'tis ever so !*

I sate me for a-while and saw the shooting seven rills
Go rippled free along the green to swell a shallow pool,
High pulpitied in elbowed ledge beneath the Cotswold hills,
E'er yet the day was called to-day and all the world was cool.

Above from out a thicket by a full-fed thrush was loud
With morning joy of mellow song to morning's over-lord,
And meadows mown lay level spread for lambing ewes acrowd
While shorten'd shade of shrub and hedge crept softly o'er the
sward.

The seven rills, head-fountains high of Thames where Rendcomb
sleeps,
In ancient glades of oaken fame, and hoar with white of frost,
Went speeding to the chattering Churn, in splash of silken leaps,
To merge in marsh below the bend and in the Thames be lost.

Upon a wall a carving set in stilted Latin told
How Thames, the tide of London Town here loosed to wend his way
Along the wise warm counties wide, by farm and fane and fold
And lawn all lost to daisy host, and wharf with lichen grey.

Those rills a-babble down the steep to feed the gliding stream
Flowed on to kiss the Eton fields that night, the sport of fate,
To skirt the alder broidered wave of regal Windsor's dream,
And moan a threnody of pain on past the Traitors' Gate.

But not for me the seven rills, the shallow pool at morn,
The singing thrush a-throb at throat, the lambs within the whin,
The yellow cattle munching big at rest with tossing horn,
And not for me the bannered keep nor Cæsar's tower of sin.

For straight from out the lilac lines that wall a garden aisle
From gabled home of mullioned pane and orange tinted stone,
She stepped a maid of memory sweet, God's sunlight in her smile,
At dawn upon the Cotswold slope, God's daughter, and alone.

Out of the times she comes to me, from singing water-ways,
A woman gold, with shining hair, the queenliest of her kind;
An oriel window gabled great yields back the rising rays,—
A woman from a lilac aisle while yet mine eyes were blind.

The Journal, 17th July 1910.

EDYTH.*

I PASSED beyond the warren drive a bow-shot from a Tudor grange
And found beside a sedge-wave pool a silent thing that moved
me strange.

A chapel of an ancient day, a small brown shrine of weathered stone,
With crumbling roof of yellowing tiles, and imaged porch rough
lichen grown.

Within the narrow grave-yard round the sheep-cropped grass grew
rank and tall;
A pillaged postern choked with briar swung creaking from a crenelled
wall.

* Suggested by a chapter in Mr. A. C. Benson's "The Thread of Gold."

The leaded panes of glass were broke by bird or boy and let the rain
Drift at the list of blowing wind at random through the falling fane.

In England I had never seen a derelict so sad before,
And climbed a fence to scan it close, and pushed aside the shaking
door.

How very beautiful it stood, walled in a frame of moat and mere
By furlongs of ripe meadow glebe stream-watered from a plunging weir,
And much ranunculus in bloom where leisured cattle moved apart,
With softened white convolvulus, pink blushed, a purple tuft at heart.

The door fell back most pitiful, a sight most pitiful was there,
Most pitiful the rose-bossed roof, most pitiful the littered stair.

The Jacobean pulpit warped by rain-drip and sun-scorch was seen
With reredos, rush-bottomed pew, and balustraded oaken screen.

The ripped cloth of the altar hung in ragged strips of moulding
brown,

And to the pave great psalter leaves caught by the draught came
fluttering down.

Along the aisles urn-crested slabs, dim hatchments lined the pas-
saged nave,

While mid-most at stone lectern base there lay, sun-lit, a lettered
grave.

One lettered stone, one little grave, a woman's name and nothing more,
Sun splashed, sun blessed, dark carven deep, a cubit from the altar-
floor.

I know not when they left her there, so very fair with curls of
gold,—

Or winsome wife, or maid in troth, her graven name lies lettered
bold.

Outside the sun in peace fell sweet on mellow eaves and latticed loft,
For starlings, teasing 'neath an elm, that shading cooled a rick ridged
croft.

But there, in that dishonoured shrine, unsought upon my spirit came
A sense of trust betrayed with God, of hallowed memories put to shame.

It was a pious thing to build with loving care and glowing thought,
Beside the moat, a house to Him of holiness all beauteous wrought.

It was a pious thing to lay a lady there at love's behest,
Beneath the choir, in shroud of bronze with crossed pale hands on
liliated breast.

Did censured boys swing to and fro for her, bright girl, when she
lay dead ?

Did great gems burn at girdled waist, and flame from coifed and
cisted head ?

I cannot tell, I do not know, such things are hid at Heaven's high will,
I like to think her eyes were blue,—to see the censers swinging still

But now each stone of wall cried out, each beam of roof cried aching so
Against the hard untender use that laid the silent sanctuary low

That straight I turned, with sorrow pressed, to outer mid-day high
and wide ;

The very sun seemed blurred with shade of dreariness for God denied.

* * * * *

A lettered grave, one little word, a woman's name deep graven cries
A pardon for pact broke with God, and wins it from the cloud piled skies.

24th July 1910.

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT ARRAH.

EIGHT held the House at Arrah and all were English bred,
The little House at Arrah with the blind sun overhead.

While the weeks went very weary when the world moved hot to war
And the vantaged foe crept closer up from Patna and Buxar,

They held the House at Arrah, caged Kings in stress of wrong,
(The hard men of the Kooer swarmed twice a thousand strong)
At looped defence unmortared,—oh, the tethered horses slain,—
Oh, the stench blown from the trenches on a poisoned wind of pain !

Eight sons of island homesteads for island England's sake—
Boyle, Littledale, and Colvin, Combe, Hoyle and Herwald Wake,—
With other twain stood stalwart, stiff men, at England's call,
And the stump of Herwald's pencil wrote their valour on the wall.

Oh, the storied halting pencil, and the island flag unfurled,—
The Flag of England masted on its goings round the world,
High fronted Eight of England, meet mustered, nothing quailed.—
In the little House at Arrah though the doubt of dark prevailed.

We hold the House at Arrah great England's charge to-day—
The little House at Arrah shrined in England's heart for aye.
Oh, the shouts of "*Maro! Maro!*" and the pencilled wall of white
When the creeping foe came mining through the fastness of the night!

We hold the House at Arrah, dear heritage of war,
With Wheeler's field enclosure, and the stencilled Kaisarbagh,
With Holwell's pillar'd panels and with Charnock's dome of clay
High spoil of rending England, grim visaged, turned at bay.

[From a review of "A Turning Point in the Indian Mutiny." By
Mr. Giberne Sierveking.]

The Englishman, 25th July 1910.

EDWARD LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

(1845—1910.)

DEAD, at full noon, lost limner, turn the page
Dead, wise gay-hearted penciller of Fate,—
Great with his kindred peer, as Tenniel great,
Chief like to Tenniel, and as Tenniel sage.
Passed to his rest with long brave pictured tale
Of Empire and of world event. In Art
Mid-weekly monitor to England's heart.

So Death, strange artist, shod in silvern shoon,
Grey veiled, strikes where Victoria's veterans wait—
Ghost craftsman of that vast august cartoon
Of Fame's immortal Sons at heaven's good gate.
No more Britannia's burnished helm of might
Lithe grace of port, proud calm unfearing brow,
Of Linley limned, to fend and force the Right
In Albion's name shall cheer and charm us now.

Dead, who each week, shed merriment a-new
To touch to mirth in motley's dear disguise, —
Dead who each week, in wisdom gave the cue
To movement of Imperial emprise.
"Punch" penciller tuned to pulse the people's weal—
His Art unslurred of shame,—unsullied of crest,
He answers "Present" to Time's last appeal,
To pass processioned with great Albion's best.

The Englishman, 5th August 1910.

THE GLEAM.

"From out the sunset pour'd an alien race
Who fitted stone to stone again and Truth,
Peace, Love and Justice came and dwalt therein."
"Akbar's Dream" (Tennyson)

GO, help to lift the Shield of England strong,
To smoothe the way, yet rough with rut and clod,
To fit the stone and lilt the palaced song—
And to deaf ear make clear the call of God.

Bring lamp to light the gloom where darkness lies,
Bring blade to slay at need the men that kill,
Soft touch to lock the lids of closing eyes
And prayer to haste the working of His will.

Old times moan weary from a mist of blood,
To-day wings on e'er yet we feel it glide,
The silent morrow beckons hid in hood ;—
Up-stay the hands of them that hold to guide !

An elder Ind lay panged with pallid sore,
To battle prone, to plague and hunger fain,
Her warriors, fighting, broke of crimson war,
Still fighting, climbing but to fall again.

Then strode the Alien armed, from out the west
Sword hafted so he shone as he drew nigh,
Fair harnessed at the Spirit's ardent 'hest,
Well bucklered when the dawn came sweeping by.

'Twas his to forge that hilted sabre's way,
 (That shining steel with radiance all aflame)
'Twas his to harbinger the Perfect Day,—
 'Tis England's charge to rule in India's name.

Lift but the *purdha*-fringe and, lo, the Gleam,—
 Heed but a while the burning words that glow
In fragrant glory on a living stream
 Of moving memories hallowing as they flow.—

Lo, mild Gautama, wise of open palm,
 Lo, Meccan crescent by a naked sword,
Lo, Zion's Seraph-Ark and psaltered psalm,
 Lo, sweet sad Mary's tortured Son and Lord.

Lo, where bright shrines a thousand years have stood
 For bending ones who bow to gods that seem
To worlds to sun-set things of paint and wood,
 And, lo the great white glow that cloaks the Gleam—

Follow the Gleam, so selfless lordship's seal
 Shall flash the Shield of England, eastward spread
To the last round of time's colossal wheel,
 To utmost echo of the ages' tread.

The road is ragged, rough with clod and rut,
 The lute is rifted, and there is no song,
The music muffled where the gate is shut,
 The world is waiting where the weepers throng.

Go mend the lute and bid the mourning cease,
 Fit stone to stone in God's proud palace plan,
In faith untrammelled speed the Prince of Peace
 And bind anew the Brotherhood of Man.

The Journal, 7th August 1910.

IN AS MUCH AS.*

“DO you hear the children calling, O, my brothers”
(Thus a Poet when a Queen was on the Throne)

Do we hear the children crying?

Do we see the children dying

In poverty and peril and alone?

Do we mind the children calling, O, my brothers,

In the city of the little light to guide?

They are calling in their sorrow

Every day and each to-morrow

In the city sprawling callous at our side.

Shall we help the children calling, O, my brothers,

Still changeless in the strangeness of the town?

They are calling in the bright time,

They are falling in the night-time—

In the city of a self-wrought sorrow's crown.

Let us help the Helpers calling, O, my brothers,

In the darkness as the blind upon their knees!

In as much as they are pleading

For the Children in their needing

They are doing unto Him as unto these

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, O. M.

(1820—1910.)

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP.

LEFT the lamp and list a little, in the light of ages glow
Golden *Florence*, Tuscan Arno, loved of Michael Angelo;
Dante, dreamer shafting glory, speeds poetic arrow far,
And the kindled flame is quenchless shrouding Savonarola.
Philomel, sweet wild bird haunting croft and hurst in Derwent dale,
Warbles threnodies in darkness, Philomel—the *Nightingale*.
To the curfew's call she riseth, passing on with fearless tread
To the fields of song and sunshine,—*Florence Nightingale* is dead.

* From the Programme of a highly successful entertainment arranged by Mrs. Wilmot Corfield and given in the Empire Theatre, Calcutta, on 16th August 1910, on behalf of St. Paul's Children's Home, Scott's Lane.

Oh, the days when England, fighter, spake as England undismayed,—
Spake the word and thrones were shattered, thundered and the kings
obeyed—

Tale to tug our tense-taut heartstrings, all the tale our fathers told—
Gripping tale of England fighting for the right in days of old.

How the thin red line went staggering onward up the Alma height,
How the bearded dead stiff frozen lined the trenched and spaded
night.

How six hundred riders blundered teeth-set to the guns' attack,
How the plunging manless horses through the smoke came screaming
back.

How the Queen and Albert Edward with the Prince who swayed the
Throne

Welcomed home the war worn heroes when the fevered strife was
done,

And gaunt Guards with lifted busbies marching from the shouting
Mall

Cheered the smiling Queen and Princes waving from the Palace wall.

(This was e'er the recreant Tiger clawed the Lion unaware

And the raging Lion up-leaping cleansed the blooded Tiger-lair)

Time's proud yield of war and wonder, flaming field and cold clutched
camp—

Through whose ravelled pride of sorrow flits the Lady with the Lamp.

She has passed, Victoria's veteran, she who cast aside her ease

When the realm was wrung to anguish,—men and women on their
knees.

Woman she who at Scutari smoothed to calm the lid that burned,

Soothed the dying brow or bending kissed the lip to patience learned.

Woman she, the nurse and mother, where death strove with one and all,

So men moved to almost worship, kissed her shadow on the wall.

Still war's reddened blade is sheathless, still the Janus portals swing,

Still the captains shout the battle and the horsemen forward fling :

With the year's piled blessings laden she has trod the shadowy vale—

Lamp alight to greet the roll-call,—gallant Florence Nightingale.

The Englishman, 16th August 1910.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT, O.M.

(1827—1910.)

STILL they pass, Victoria's veterans, links with life beyond the veil,—

Edward, Earl of every England, lamp up-lifting Nightingale,
Sambourne, Lord of line and laughter, vanguard of a deathless band
Cloistered each in England's keeping, passed to pace the silent land.

Who is he who fronts the Phantom pointing to the unshut door,
He who, smiling, greets the shadow crossed along the littered floor?
Painter he, who wrought in wonder for the glowing days await,
Wrought the lingering Lord of Lantern, knocking, knocking at the gate.

This is he who met the morning when the surpliced choir was young
From the Oxford tower up-sending song to rouse the rising sun.
Wailed the horned goat's haggard requiem scaped to roam the sand
dune hot.

Slung the balderick'd bugle dooming Dame of castled Camelot.

Led the Babe and ass, starpointed, from the Satrap's anger fell,
Wrought the vessel horror burdened hugged of weeping Isabelle.
Wrought the blind and white-eyed elder, him who heard the curled
youth say—

“Wist ye not my Father's business presseth and I may not stay?”

Groves of gay Verona canvassed by his brush wind whispering shine,
Folked by knightly ones in purple, sylvan glades of Valentine.
His the startled bending Virgin glancing from the casket piled
With the wise men's meed gem-laden in the workshop of her child.

These the spoils of Peace men measure priceless while the Kingdoms
kneel.

This the harvest of his heaping till shall burst the Seventh Seal.

Holman Hunt, Knight, Priest and Prophet, blade to sheath and
pennon furled

Fronts the lanterned Lord of Ages, knows the Light of all the World.
Still the lanterned Lord of Grieving standeth where the threshold lies.
Brambled, hid of growth ill gotten, with the love-light in his eyes.
Seamless robe and sandalled treading, thorns his regal coronet.
Waiteth, knocking, knocking, knocking where the fastened door is set.

The Englishman, 10th September 1910.

THE SONG OF THE SCOUT.*

WE may not serve King George as yet
On flaming field or heaving flood,
Our foot is at the threshold set
While youth's long hopes inspire the blood
But ours the hand, and ours the heart,
The eye to see, the brain to plan,—
We mean to play the manlier part,
We mean to do the best we can.
Close up close up, for God and King !
Youth lasts but short for me and you.
Let every day an offering bring,
Let every hour a carol sing,
Let every thought from honour spring,—
And every deed ring true !

No laggards we while youth is sweet,
When breaks the dawn we serve our kind,
We serve the least of life we meet.
Though darkness fall to hardship blind.
To all that need a help we lend,
Or man, or beast, or things that fly,
Or stranger, foe, or stricken friend,—
And, if we can't, we can but try.
Form up, form up, a fig for fear !
Boys will be men, that's me and you ;
For man and beast and honour clear,
For duty calling ever near,
For God and King and England dear,
Let every deed ring true !

* From the Programme of a second successful entertainment arranged by Mrs. Wilmot Corfield and given in the Empire Theatre, Calcutta, on 27th September 1910, on behalf of the newly started Boy Scout movement in India.

STATESMANSHIP.

(*"India cries aloud for statesmanship, not for force and repressive edicts."*—*Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P., in the "Daily Chronicle."*)

THAT'S where you're wrong, Macdonald, chattering wide.
The land has statesmanship—of British brand—
The only brand to suit her, nought beside
Is just to hand.

Yet Ind had statesmen once who knew to scoff
At right and abstract virtue, so it goes ;
They had a nasty way of chopping off
One's head or nose.

And men are left the British rule to mock
Who snare the knapsacked ones on wing like you,
And when they catch them flap around and cock—
A-doodle-doo.

"The land cries not for force—repression curst."
She does cry out for force, for chastening thong
High statesmanship demands obedience first ;—
Shove that along.

You've been to Ind. A month or two's enough
You think for dallying where sedition talks,
It's not enough to understand the stuff—
Not by long chalks.

What India needs is British rule—no blend—
Pure undiluted Rule of British brew :
Preach that, Macdonald man, misguiding friend,
Or dry up, do.

The Englishman, 13th October 1910.

THACKERAY.*

"The young mother, herself only twenty-three . . . to the grief of widowhood had soon to add the sorrow of separation from her child. This was in 1817. Forty-four years afterwards Thackeray, in one of his Round-about papers, described a similar parting, remembering in long distant days, he says, 'such a ghaut or river-stair in Calcutta; and a day when down those steps, to a boat which was in waiting, came two children whose mothers remained on shore.' Those two children were Thackeray and his cousin, Sir Richmond Shakespear."

"The beautiful young mother was the dream of his childhood. 'He drew me your house in Calcutta,' wrote Grandmama Becker soon after Thackeray's arrival in England, not omitting the monkey looking out of the window, and black Betty at the top drying the towels. This was a postscript to Thackeray's first extant letter to his mother at the age of six and a half years."

From *The "Thackerays in India."* By Sir William Hunter.

"A meeting of the Council of the Thackeray Centenary Commemoration Fund will be held in the Hall of the Asiatic Society of Bengal (Calcutta) on Wednesday, the 26th October 1910, at 6 P.M."

From an official notice with appended agenda.

A *GHAUT* beside a river racing
In leaping flood to seek the sea,
A mother and sad boy embracing
Each throbbing heart-beat sobs for me.
Old time has swung his steel unwarning
For old and young, for friend and foe
Right stoutly sheafed, since that far morning
Of four-and-forty years ago.

Her smooth white brow in ringlets hiding,
(Ah me, what tears those lashes load!)
A clasp, a kiss—the boat is gliding
Along the pallid river-road.
A river stair, a mother waving
In lavender of scented gown—
And my wild soul goes craving, craving
For that bright portalled shining town.

I mind the green closed *jheelmeels* sleeping
To gloom the shuttered glare to shade;
The monkey from a window peeping,
(I loved him but was half afraid);

* See also the author's illustrated brochure on the "Thackerays," officially issued with the appeal to the public for subscriptions by the Council of the Centenary Fund.

Black Betty on the roof a-drying
The towels along the parapet,
And how big birds came flying, flying
At evening when the sun was set.

Thank Fate for memories, laughing, tearful
Of childhood's smile and childhood's fret,
We've all loved beasties fond and fearful
And Bettys white or Bettys jet.
We've known (or know) a sweet face bending—
No love like hers for you or me—
And we'll all meet in joy unending
When we come gliding home from sea.

The Journal, 23rd October 1910.

THE BRITISH LION AND THE PERSIAN CHAT.

(1739—1910.)

"We wish to speak with respect of the land of the Lion. It is not two centuries since Nadir Shah sacked Delhi and carried off the throne of India—the Peacock Throne."—The Journal, 23rd October 1910.

FROM Paniput to Delhi came Nadir Shah, the Man,
(Betrayed the Tahmasp puppet where he lay in Ispahan),
And he who ruled the Indies flung wide the town that day
When Nadir came to plunder and when Nadir rode to slay.

For he who ruled the Indies cringed him as sore afraid
Where the captive of the Usbeks drew rein with dripping blade,
"Ho, mongrel of the Moghuls," cried Nadir flushed with fight,
"I'd stall my steeds from Tabriz in Jehan's hall this night!"

In Berserk rage did Nadir affront to quell the place,—
All the blood of cruel Khorasan rose red to Nadir's face,—
The craft of all the Dekkan, the freeboots of Lahore
Stood stiff to hark of Nadir when Nadir went to war.

Then to the Toorkh did Delhi,—Delhi the stricken town
Bring gold and stuffs and harness and scimitar and crown;
But Nadir ravaged Delhi and sacked to make of moan,
Then home beyond the passes bore India's Peacock Throne.

Back by the peaks and passes he took the ravished prize,
Eight crores of emerald glory with twice ten thousand eyes,—
The burnished gems of Princes, war-wrung at sabre's stroke,
The pillaged pride of Persia when the Moghul might was broke.

Now we, who use at Delhi, have business high to hand,
Now slacks the hold of kingship loose on the Lion land,
Our keels are prow'd to sunrise from the Isle beyond the Gates,
And our captains shout the battle where a wasting kingdom waits.

The northern ways are heavy with the heel of Cossack tread,
To south the English patrols stride the trade roads of the dead,
There's a stirring on the Border and a moving in the sky
Where the keening eagles cluster while the caravans go by.

Shah Nadir rode to Delhi near two hundred years ago,
And the caravans go looted where they traffic to and fro,—
Ere we set the sword to sharing and we snap the spear in twain
Shall not Hardinge to royal Delhi bring the Peacock Throne again?

The Englishman, 24th October 1910.

WHAT'S ON ?

London, Oct. 30.

"The Observer to-day urges Unionists before Parliament reassembles to recognise the necessity of reconsidering the Irish question unless they wish to be deprived of the sympathy of the Dominions as wreckers of the Empire."—Reuter.

IMPERIAL Mother, from whose breasts
We drank as babes the pride whereby
We question ev'n thine own behests,
And judge thee with no finching eye ;—
Oft slow to hear when thou dost call,
Oft vex'd with a divided will,
When once a rival seeks they fall,
We are thy sons and daughters still.
The love that halts, the faith that veers,
Are then deep sunk as in the sea :
The sea where thou must brook no peers,
And halve with none thy sovereignty.
MR. WILLIAM WATSON (in the "Times").

Dominioned Matron, from whose breasts
 We draw support nor reason why,
 We question now thine high behests
 And judge thee with a winking eye.
 Oft slow to hear when thou dost call,
 Oft quick to share thy brimming till,
 Through thick and thin, whate'er befall,
 We are thine aunts and cousins still.
 The hope that halts, the faith that sneers
 Are ours, as wreckers though we be :
 The Mother-land must shunt the Peers—
 We'll all go snacks in sympathy.

The Englishman, 2nd November 1910.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOOD.

(From "Backwards and Flairies.")

With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"Hitherto the maintenance of the Union has been a cardinal principle of the Unionist faith. Not simply because Home-Rule would be a bad thing for Ireland herself and for the United Kingdom, but even more because it would be a disastrous thing for the Empire."—The Englishman, 2nd November 1910.

WE shelved "the Road through the Wood"
 Twenty-five years ago,
 When Chamberlain went at it again,
 And the G. O. M. went slow.
 It wasn't the Road through the Wood,
 (Oh! the Phœnix Park and trees)
 So went underneath with a funeral wreath
 From red-hot enemies.
 But still the Unionist sees,
 Now while the wreckers brood
 And the Redmonds flout at their ease,
 It was not the Road through the Wood.

For, if you think of the Wood,
And of Ireland up to date,
Of Garvins cool and the Redmond school
Now the wiper cleanses the slate,
(We like not ways of the Wood—
Knowing them through and through)
You will mind the beat of a car-horse fleet
And the drip of the blood in the dew
Steadily calling through
To this day of muddle and mood,—
The call is perfectly true—
The Home-Rule Road through the Wood
It isn't the Road through the Wood.

The Englishman, 3rd November 1910.

DEAR LADY ESCLAIRMONDE.

ALL ye who live in housen warm
Come range the wold to know
The folk that fend the field and farm
With Huon of Bordeaux.

The Lady Esclairmonde is sweet
In bodice broidered gown,
No fairer face I wish to meet
In towered Lewes town.

They wind between the barley aisles
That bend to let them through—
Lithe laughing ones of quips and wiles
At traffic through the dew.

And bats unto the belfry fling,
Or swing from moon-lit bough,
When little choirs in chorus sing
Of sceptre, sword and plough.

The hives are bulged with honey stored,
The furrows young with corn,
On Woden's Day, to praise the Lord
By Oak and Ash and Thorn.

So range the weald of Sussex side,
Wise, old with fern and frond
And mignonette, where fairies ride
With Lady Esclairmonde—
Dear Lady Esclairmonde.

[From a review of "Rewards and Fairies" by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

The Englishman, 7th November 1910.

VALE.*

(On the Author's retirement from India after residence in Calcutta during the eight Viceroyalties of Lords Dufferin, Lansdowne, Elgin, Curzon, Ampthill, Curzon, Minto and Hardinge.)

WE Regents from the Island sprung
Hold all the land in might
To cannon's call and flag outflung—
The spoil of well won fight.

Ind knows us, Regents, at her gate
In soul-less, dumb, disdain—
The work of war, the sport of Fate,
And, hateless, dreams again.

* Written to the accompaniment and within earshot of the salute from the Guns of Fort William during Lord Minto's last review of the Troops on the Calcutta Maidan, and after reading in to-day's Reuter that Lord Hardinge had passed Aden outward bound after having been received there with the Honours of a Viceroy.

A dual rule is dual sore,
Soft heart spells wise head's frown ;—
Show shallow sentiment the door,
Shut peevish paltering down.

So rule we, firm in England's name,
With England's voice to guide,
Sole arbiter, unsullied of shame,—
Nor fear what else betide.

Calcutta, 16th November 1910.
